

The
Young Arctic Traders



DILLON WALLACE

NUNC COGNOSCO EX PARTE

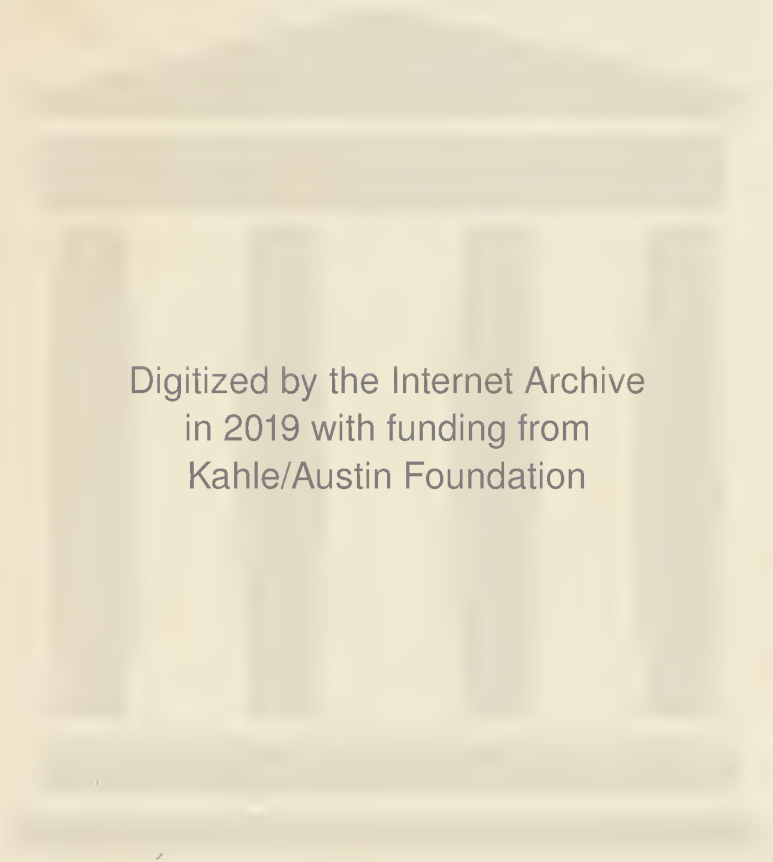


THOMAS J. BATA LIBRARY
TRENT UNIVERSITY

Bornie
Kitts born
James
Hammie

Christinas
— 1924

The Young Arctic Traders



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation



The Eskimo drew his long knife and slashed at
the polar bear's neck

The Young Arctic Traders

Further Adventures of the Arctic Stowaways

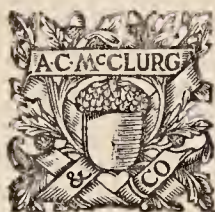
BY

DILLON WALLACE

AUTHOR OF "THE ARCTIC STOWAWAYS," "BOBBY OF THE LABRADOR,"
"THE FUR TRAIL ADVENTURERS," "THE LURE OF THE LABRADOR
WILD," "THE WILDERNESS CASTAWAYS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

J. ALLEN ST. JOHN



CHICAGO
A. C. McCLURG & CO.
1921

PS8545 .A455/v6

Copyright
A. C. McClurg & Co.
1921

Published October, 1921

Copyrighted in Great Britain

Printed in the United States of America

M. A. DONOHUE & CO., PRINTERS AND BINDERS, CHICAGO

To My Friend

**JAMES EDMUND JONES, ESQ.,
OF TORONTO, CANADA**

**Founder of
The Aura Lee Club for Boys**

314201

Who yearns for palmy southern seas?
Who longs to dream the languorous hours,
To fritter in luxurious ease,
His vigorous manhood's early powers?
To the North! To the North we go!
To the North, where the fresh winds blow.

JOHN D. SPENCE,
University of Toronto Song Book

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	Grumbling Down Forward	I
II	A Warning	13
III	The Fateful Thirteen	25
IV	A Sinister Threat	36
V	The Outlaws Conspire	46
VI	Captain Mugford's Strategy	58
VII	The Whale Hunt	69
VIII	Levine Makes a Proposition	77
IX	The Discussion in the Cabin	91
X	"Surrender the Ship!"	101
XI	The Defense of the Ship	109
XII	Ole Johnson's Confession	121
XIII	Lynch Law	133
XIV	The Hut on the Rocks	143
XV	Joshua Tidd Spins a Yarn	164
XVI	Alone on a Desolate Shore	190
XVII	The Hurricane	200
XVIII	The Perils of the Floe	214
XIX	The Marooned Conspirators	221
XX	A Cry in the Night	235
XXI	The Man with a Knife	252

The Young Arctic Traders

CHAPTER I

GRUMBLING DOWN FORWARD

THE *Sea Lion*, of New Bedford, Captain Elias Mugford, was heading northward under a light westerly breeze, with every sail set from jib to main gaff topsail. The sea was free from ice, save ever-present bergs dotting the throbbing waters of Baffin Bay like mighty chessmen of carved ivory and opal upon a great green board. The sun shone brightly, and the atmosphere was clear and transparent. It was a perfect day north of the Arctic Circle.

Alfred Knowles and Henry Metford, standing in the bow of the *Sea Lion*, were silently watching a somber dark line to the eastward that marked the Greenland coast, with the grim rocks of Cape Parry looming

out of the sea off the starboard quarter. They were broad-shouldered, athletic young men of nineteen or thereabouts, their faces were deeply bronzed from constant exposure to wind and weather, their eyes keen and alert, and they had the bearing and self-reliance that men acquire who battle with nature and the elements.

The *Sea Lion* had been a year in the Arctic hunting whales and bartering with natives for furs, ivory, and other products of the frozen wilderness. It had been a year filled with adventure for Al Knowles and Harry Metford.

An adventure, indeed, had placed them aboard the whaler, when, one July night the previous year, to escape the results of an escape, they took refuge in the hold of the vessel as she lay at her wharf in New Bedford. Here they had fallen asleep, and when they awoke found to their astonishment and dismay that the ship had put to sea, and that they, themselves, quite against their will, were destined upon a two-years' voyage to the Arctic. Thus as stowaways they began their

life at sea, and though long since they had been rated regular members of the crew, aft and forward alike, they were still called "the Stowaways."

The warm August sun beating down upon the deck had renewed a longing for the green fields of the kindlier land from which they had come, and they were thinking now of their own pleasant homes in far-away Massachusetts. The contemplation of another year in the icebound North was a most unpleasant prospect.

"I can't help thinking today of the folks at home," remarked Al at the end of a long silence.

"That's what I was thinking about too," confessed Harry. "It seems like another life and another world back there—like another experience that we passed through in another life that we lived long ago. And," he added after a pause, "a mighty pleasant one too, with all its comforts and friends and warmth and happiness."

"We'll appreciate it and know how to keep out of foolish scrapes when we get back, any-

how," observed Al, sprawling at full length upon the warm planks. "I don't think we half knew how well off we were. We took everything for granted, as most people do with the good things of life. Everybody wants something he hasn't got, and when he gets it he wants something else. I hated school like poison, and couldn't see the need of study. Now I'd give ten years of my life to be back at it. I was just thinking that we'll be two years behind our class in college, but I guess what we've had up here will be worth it."

"You bet it will!" agreed Harry. "But I can't help thinking about the folks and what they're doing." Harry stretched himself by Al's side. "If I could only look in at home for a day or two I wouldn't mind another year of it, Al."

"We'd better not think of home or we'll be getting homesick," warned Al. "It won't help us any. We're in the mess and we've got to take our medicine till we've swallowed the last drop."

"Maybe if we could get another right

whale¹ before winter sets in the old man would go home this fall," suggested Harry wistfully. "With one more whale we'd have every oil cask filled."

"But we'd miss the winter's trade, and that's a big item," Al discouraged. "The old man wouldn't sacrifice *that* just because there's growling down forward, and I don't blame him. He's here to do a job and that's to get all he can out of a two-years' voyage, and he'll do it. I would too if I were in his place, no matter how much I wanted to go home, and I guess the old man wants to go home as badly as any of us."

"I'm glad we didn't sign the round robin. Shanks and Spuds refused to sign it too," said Harry. "Ole asked them last night, Shanks says."

"And you can bet neither Daddy nor the Sky Pilot signed it either." Al lowered his voice and looked around to satisfy himself no one was listening. "There won't be any round robin sent to the old man. Marx and Inko-

¹The sperm whale, a species highly valued by whalers, both for the quantity of oil it produces and for its bone.

vitch don't want it. They just sent that around to see how everyone stood. They don't care whether we go home or not. They've got some scheme of their own, and they're playing the crew to help them put it over."

"They're certainly trying to get something started," Harry agreed.

"There's going to be trouble before the *Sea Lion* gets into her winter berth, too," Al predicted. "Marx and Inkovitch are anarchists. They are talking it every chance they have. They're a tough pair. I believe they'd kill a man with no more compunction than they'd kill a seal."

"I believe it! Ole is mixed up with them, too." Harry lowered his voice as he spoke.

"Yes," agreed Al, "but Ole isn't such a bad fellow if they'd leave him alone. They seem to have him scared. I believe he'd break with them if he dared, but they've got some power over him and he's afraid to."

"Sometimes I think he was mixed up with them in something before they came aboard," suggested Al. "Those two are the reddest

kind of anarchists, and Ole's square head hasn't brains enough in it to keep him straight."

"I know how the rest of the crew feel about going home." Harry was sitting up now and looking wistfully out over the sea. "They're just homesick for a look in at their folks. Jiminy, how I'd like to go home myself!"

"So would I! Wouldn't it be ripping to get back this fall?" Al's face lighted eagerly with the thought. "But," he added soberly, "that's out of the question, and the less we think about it the better off we'll be. Marx and Inkovitch are trying to work up the crew to help them start something just on that. They know the men are getting restless to go home, and they're taking advantage of it and playing it for all it's worth."

"Here comes Shanks," broke in Harry. "I wonder what they're going to give us for dinner."

"Some of that fishy bear's meat likely," laughed Al.

Shanks, the cook's assistant, discovering his friends forward in the bow, joined them.

Shanks was a striking figure. He was more than six feet in height, which appeared to be made up largely of a pair of long spindly legs to which were attached extraordinarily large feet. At the other end of his anatomy two keen, blue eyes looked out from beneath a shock of tawny yellow hair. His face was punctuated by a nose of unusual size, and ears like horns of plenty stood out from the head and made no claims to beauty, though a prominent and impressive as well as necessary adjunct to Shanks' features. His wide mouth was now grinning good-naturedly.

"Hello, fellers!" said Shanks, squatting upon the deck with Al and Harry. "It's hot as all tarnation down in the galley, and Spuds can't help gabbin' about his ancestors that came over in the *Mayflower*. I had to break away for a breath of air and a squint at the sunshine."

"Those mythical ancestors of his is about all Spuds cares to talk about, when he can find anybody to listen," remarked Harry.

"I can't help listenin'. I can't get away from it when he's got me busy helpin' him,

and I guess he hunts for somethin' for me to do sometimes so's to have me there to talk at," Shanks grinned. "He got started today over this stuff Marx is tryin' to work up—makin' the old man go home with the ship this winter."

"Harry was just saying those fellows had been after you and Spuds on that too, and you turned 'em down," said Al.

"You bet we turned 'em down," said Shanks, "and Spuds dressed 'em down too. They're a passel of idjets. Two or three of 'em are tryin' their durndest to kick up trouble, doggone 'em. The rest of 'em are a flock of sheep ready to foller any leader comes along. Crews always get fidgety and discontented and nothin' goes right with 'em after they've been at sea a year or so. They just naturally growl because they hate themselves and everybody else, and don't know what else to do. That's the way the crew was on the other voyage I was on."

"Inkovitch, Marx, and Ole Johnson are at the head of it," suggested Al.

"Yep. A fine bunch of yappers they be

too, the hull three of 'em. Far's I'm concerned I'd just as lief be here as anywheres, and so would Spuds. He says there wa'n't no kickin' up a fuss on the *Mayflower*," Shanks grinned. "He'll be after me in a minute. I'm gettin' dinner. I've got a hunk of white bear's meat in the oven roastin' on't."

"I hope you parboiled it," Harry suggested. "That we had yesterday was so strong it could stand alone, and it was so fishy it would swim if you put it in water."

"There you be," grinned Shanks, "findin' fault and growlin' just like a reg'lar hard-boiled whaler."

"I guess you're right," smiled Harry. "It's in the air to growl and find fault."

"Well, I gave her a double parboil," Shanks assured. "She looks fine and she'll be all right."

"What else are you going to have?" asked Al expectantly. "I'm as hungry as a whale."

"You fellers are always hungrier'n whales," Shanks grinned. "How'd fresh asparagus and green corn, with strawberry shortcake to top off with, suit you?"

"Stop that or I'll throw you overboard!" Al assumed a threatening attitude. "You'll make us homesick."

"Well, I was askin' how you'd like it," Shanks laughed. "You ain't goin' to get it. We've got a bang-up dinner just the same. You're goin' to eat baked macaroni and cheese, canned corn, and boiled rice. How does that sound to you? Think it'll go good with the bear's meat?"

"I can't wait!" Al placed his hands on his stomach and rolled his eyes.

"Spuds is fryin' doughnuts," suggested Shanks. "That's the reason he ain't missed me yet. If he hadn't been so busy at 'em he'd been hollerin' for me long ago."

"Doughnuts!" exclaimed Harry. "I wonder if we could work him for some while they're hot? Think we could, Shanks? What kind of humor is he in?"

"Shanks! Shanks, where be you?" came from the galley at that instant, and a moment later Spuds' head appeared at the galley door. "There you be havin' a good time, leavin' me to do everything alone! Come right

smack down to the galley, Shanks, and look after dinner."

"I'm comin'," and Shanks, who had stretched himself at full length upon the sunny deck, reluctantly arose. "Come along, fellers. If you get him talkin' about his *Mayflower* ancestors, and josh him along some, Mr. A. Puddingford Spuddington'll come across with the hot doughnuts all right."

"It's a big price to pay," said Al with a pretense at hesitation.

"The doughnuts is fine," assured Shanks with a grin. "They're worth it."

"They'll be worth the price, all right. Come along Al, I'm famished for some of Spuds' hot doughnuts," and Harry and Al followed Shanks down into the galley.

CHAPTER II

A WARNING

SPUDS' corpulent figure, engulfed in a great apron that in some prehistoric period had doubtless been white, but through long divorce from the laundry had acquired an uncertain muddy-gray shade, was bending over a kettle from which, with a long fork, he was transferring deliciously brown, plump doughnuts to a pan.

"Here 'tis seven bells and most dinner time and you leavin' me to do everything," complained Spuds in a most injured voice, without looking up. "'Tain't fair to treat me that way, Shanks."

"I just ran up for a breath of air. I was comin' right back, and here I be," assured Shanks.

"Good morning Mr. Spuddington," said Al ingratiatingly. "Harry and I are off watch, and we came down for a little visit with you, if we won't be in the way."

"Good morning Al-fred. Good morning Hen-nery." Spuds looked up, his florid face and shiny bald head giving evidence of close proximity to the galley range. "You ain't in the way. Set down. I'm always glad to see both of you in the galley. You ain't ever in the way here."

Spuds discreetly placed the pan of hot doughnuts on a table at the opposite side of the galley, and as far as possible from his visitors, quite evidently with the intention of removing temptation from their immediate reach. This done, he ran the forefinger of his right hand over his high, moist forehead, and garnering the accumulated perspiration, deftly cast the harvest upon the floor.

"We just wanted a little chat. There aren't many of the crew a fellow can sit down and talk with comfortably. You know how it is yourself, Mr. Spuddington." As he spoke Al sauntered across the galley to the vicinity of the doughnut pan, while Spuds eyed him suspiciously.

"Yes, I know, Al-fred," said Spuds, adding quickly, as Al quite casually extracted a

doughnut from the pan and began eating it: "Say, them doughnuts is just fried and they're greasy yet, Al-fred. They ain't very good till they've stood awhile."

"Why this is fine, Mr. Spuddington." Al tossed one over to Harry. "Just try it Harry and see if you don't think so."

"It sure is fine!" agreed Harry, biting into the doughnut. "You never made any better, Mr. Spuddington."

"It's most dinner time, and I'm afraid it might spoil your appetites to eat hot doughnuts, and they ain't very good for the digestion when they're hot," warned Spuds, whose concern was evidently centered rather upon the possible shrinkage in quantity of his doughnuts than upon appetites or digestion.

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Spuddington," Al assured as he extracted two more from the pan and returning to his seat gave Harry one of them. "Our appetites are warranted not to fade, shrink, or mildew and we both have cast-iron digestions."

"I was just tellin' you because I know how you likes roast bear's meat." Spuds' anxiety

was quite evidently relieved by Al's return to his seat. "Speakin' of talkin' with the crew, I know how it is. Of course I'm different from them common fellers. My ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*, and first and last it's ancestors that counts, now ain't it?"

"That it is, Mr. Spuddington," Harry assured between mouthfuls. "Anybody would know you had ancestors just to look at you."

"That's what I says, now," admitted Spuds, vastly pleased with what he deemed a compliment. "Anybody that had ancestors as old as mine, comin' over in the *Mayflower*, can't help bein' better than the common run, and I admit I looks on myself as better'n folks what didn't have ancestors on the *Mayflower*, or leastways just as far back as that."

"Of course," agreed Al, casting his eye toward the doughnut pan. "There are people who say that it isn't what a fellow's ancestors were that counts, but it's what he is himself. Even if we were to accept that theory—and I don't say I agree with it by any means, or that I do not agree with it—but even if we

were to accept that theory, Mr. Spuddington, you would have reason to be proud of your personal accomplishments. Yes, sir, I repeat it. Mr. A. Puddingford Spuddington you would have reason to be proud of yourself even if you had never had a single ancestor in the world. In view of your honorable ancestors that came over in the *Mayflower* you have double reason for pride."

"Adolphus Puddingford Spuddington is my full name, Al-fred," corrected Spuds. "I likes Adolphus because that was the name of one of my original ancestors."

"Mr. *Adolphus* Puddingford Spuddington," repeated Al, graciously accepting the correction.

"Of course you have reason to be proud," interjected Harry. "I'd be proud of *myself* if I could cook half as well as you do, Mr. Spuddington."

"Yes, that's it," continued Al. "*That's* the point! There isn't a better cook sails the high seas than you, Mr. Spuddington. I never ate any better doughnuts than you make. They are remarkably fine, and no one but a remark-

able man could make such remarkable doughnuts."

"Do you think so, now?" Spuds' face beamed satisfaction at the compliment. "Thank you, Al-fred, and thank you, Henry. The crew sometimes growls at my cookin', but you ain't like them. You're different other ways too. I knowed you was different the first time I ever clapped eyes on you two, and I says to myself then, 'them fellers be fine company. They're more my kind.' But speakin' of doughnuts, you ought to taste them I makes ashore back home, when I has cream to mix 'em with."

"These are as good as I want!" enthused Harry. "I seldom eat more than one doughnut at a time of the ordinary kind, but I've eaten two of these and I could eat another one this minute. That's what I think of *your* doughnuts, Mr. Spuddington."

"So could I!" declared Al enthusiastically.

"Could you? Well now have another," and Spuds, all his batteries of caution and defense broken down, passed the pan.

"Thank you, Mr. Spuddington. I can't

resist them," acknowledged Harry, selecting a large one.

"They are exceptionally fine," and Al also drew a big fat doughnut from the pan. "I don't see how you do it, Mr. Spuddington! It is a real accomplishment to be able to make doughnuts like these."

"Well, now, it ain't everybody can do it, if I do say it myself," Spuds modestly acknowledged. "My folks was always good cooks. They was always good at makin' doughnuts and pies. Them's down East things, and I calc'late it's because my folks always lived down East, the first on 'em comin' over in the *Mayflower*, as I said before. As you was sayin' Al-fred it's what your ancestors were what counts in the end. It is, now, ain't it?"

"You've demonstrated it, Mr. Spuddington. You're a living example," asserted Al gravely.

At that moment Hiram Hodges, the seaman previously referred to by Al and Harry as the Sky Pilot, looked into the galley, an inscrutable expression on his face.

"Al, may I see you and Harry a moment on deck?" he asked.

"We'll be right there," answered Al. "Thank you, Mr. Spuddington for the doughnuts."

"Yes, thank you ever so much," said Harry as he and Al arose to go. "We've had a pleasant call."

"Come sometime when I ain't so busy and we'll have a good talk," beamed Spuds as the two young men left him.

"I'd like you to see something, lads. Come aft, we can see better there," said the Sky Pilot cheerfully as they joined him on deck.

Several sailors were gathered at the foremast. Al and Harry observed that the men ceased talking and eyed them suspiciously until they were out of hearing.

The Sky Pilot was a sturdy, square-shouldered, well-built man, wearing a short, sandy beard sprinkled with gray. There were good-natured wrinkles in the corners of his eyes, and though the eyes themselves were habitually smiling and pleasant, their characteristic was a straightforward fearlessness that

gave one the impression of gentleness of spirit and at the same time physical bravery and a bulldog tenacity of purpose. This latter characteristic was borne out by a square-set jaw and a thick-set sinewy neck. Though he had a pleasant mouth and attractive smile he was evidently not a man to be trifled with.

He led the lads well aft, and out of hearing of the sailors forward, and standing at the port rail pointed to a near-by iceberg whose polished adamantine surface was sparkling with the brilliancy of wonderful emeralds and amethysts.

"Look at that," said he, "and pretend to be interested in it while I tell you something. There's going to be a mutiny on board and I'm afraid it will end in bloodshed. I depend upon you lads to stand by the officers when the thing breaks loose. Every man in the deck crew except you, lads, Daddy, and myself is in the conspiracy, and even the cooper has joined them. Marx and Inkovitch, as you may guess, are the leaders, and they are desperate characters. The others believe they are simply to gain possession of the ship for

the purpose of forcing the captain to take her home before winter sets in. I'm sure it is a piratical scheme, and Marx and Inkovitch intend to steal the ship and valuable cargo, and when they have the rest of the crew implicated, murder those of us who do not take part in the mutiny. Do you understand?"

"Yes," answered Al with suppressed excitement. "Harry and I knew something was going on, but we didn't know it was so desperate as that."

"It is," said the Sky Pilot simply.

"Shanks and Spuds are not with them," whispered Harry, his heart thumping against his chest.

"No, I was speaking of the deck crew and of the cooper," continued the Sky Pilot. "Spuds won't count for much in a scrimmage, but Shanks is a good fighter. I've just warned the chief mate and advised him to tell the captain at once, for it is a most serious matter. There'll be the captain, the mate, the second mate, you two lads, Shanks, Daddy, and myself to defend the ship. Spuds is too fat and slow to be of much help, as I said.

"Against us are the other nine of the deck crew and the cooper, ten in all. So when it comes to a show-down there'll be ten of them against eight of us, and they'll probably be armed. They'll also be primed with rum.

"You might pass the word on to Shanks, and all of you be on the alert, and go to it and keep your nerve when the time comes. The captain will doubtless take immediate measures to head them off. I simply warn you so that you may know who are against us and who with us, and be on your guard accordingly."

"All right, we'll be with you," said Al.

"You bet we will!" echoed Harry.

"Bully for you! I know you chaps will give a good account of yourselves."

"When do you think the show will start?" asked Al.

"I don't know. They're pretty secret about it. Probably not in two or three days, and it may be a week. I only got drift of the plans half an hour ago, though I knew something was brewing. I overheard some of them talking."

Eight bells struck and the call to dinner.

"Be natural now," the Sky Pilot warned as they dispersed to go to dinner. "Don't let them know that you have any hint of what's in the wind. Treat everybody as usual."

CHAPTER III

THE FATEFUL THIRTEEN

“PISH and fiddlesticks!” exclaimed Captain Mugford, as he and Mr. Jones, the mate, and Mr. Dugmore, the second mate, seated themselves at the dinner table in the cabin of the *Sea Lion*. “Pish, I say! Pish and fiddlesticks! You’re chicken-hearted, Mr. Jones! Chicken-hearted! Chicken-hearted! That’s what ails you, sir! You’re chicken-hearted!”

“I’m giving it to you, sir, as Hodges gave it to me just now, and I believe it’s as he says,” explained the mate. “You must admit, sir, that he is in a position to know, and,” Mr. Jones added with a hint of resentment, “nobody can accuse the Sky Pilot of being chicken-hearted.”

“Pish! Pish, sir! Yes he is! All sky pilots are chicken-hearted. But don’t misunderstand me, sir,” the captain hastened to ex-

plain. "I don't mean to say that you're afraid to face conditions, or that you're weak. Far from it, sir. Quite the contrary, sir. I believe you are overanxious—overcautious. Don't you know, sir, that there was never yet a crew of whalers that didn't complain before they were through with their second summer at sea? It's chronic with them, sir. Chronic! They're all alike! They're all chronic grumblers. I never yet made a voyage, a whaling voyage, sir, without hearing threats of trouble. Never! Used to worry me. Found out after a time it was all talk. They always settle down, sir, and forget their troubles. Pish and fiddlesticks! There'll be no mutiny, Mr. Jones."

"Mr. Dugmore and I think it's worth looking into at least, sir," insisted the mate. "There'll be no harm in getting at the bottom of it, and if there's anything to it we'll be on the safe side, and if there isn't, it'll do no harm."

"That is quite true, sir. It is my view of the matter that it is best to nip it in the bud, so to speak. In other words, sir, crack it on

the head before it gets up and does any harm. That is my firm opinion, sir." Mr. Dugmore caressed his beard affectionately, and spoke with dignified precision.

"Pish! Pish! Mr. Dugmore there's nothing to crack on the head! Nothing! Nothing, I say, sir!"

Captain Mugford passed a well-filled plate to Mr. Dugmore as he spoke, and the latter immediately turned his undivided attention to the provender, which for the moment, at least, was of more importance to him than the consideration of a possible mutiny. When Mr. Dugmore was "stowing food," as he would have expressed it, other matters, even piratical conspiracies, were of comparatively small importance.

"There's no doubt, sir, that we have two Reds in the crew, rank anarchists, Inkovitch and Marx," continued Mr. Jones. "I've had my eye on those fellows for a good while. They're a pair of cutthroats, and Hodges says they're the ringleaders, and that Johnson is pretty close to them. Two or three men like these preaching anarchy can cause a good

deal of unrest in a crew, and might excite them to go any lengths."

"Pish and fiddlesticks! Can't be anarchists here! Not on my ship! Have to obey orders here!" Captain Mugford was growing impatient. "What can two or three do? What can they do if they are anarchists, I'd like to know? Pish and fiddlesticks, sir! Pish and fiddlesticks, I say!"

"They were connected in some way with Billings and Manuel, sir, before those two thieves were lost last year," persisted the mate. "You remember that a year ago the Stowaways told you of a plan Billings had for stealing the ship, and sending the crew adrift in the boats? I believe this is a part of the same conspiracy, sir, that Inkovitch and Marx are planning to carry through."

"Yes, yes, I remember all about that," admitted the captain with a chuckle. "Nothing to it, sir, nothing to it. Those fellows were having sport with the Stowaways, sir. Trying to frighten them. Told you there was nothing to that, too. That's the way it turned out. Nothing to this. Same way now. Noth-

ing to fear, nothing to fear. Pass over your plate, Mr. Dugmore. Let me give you another helping of the bear's meat. It's very good today, sir, very good."

Mr. Dugmore had been too busily engaged upon the contents of his plate to take part in the conversation. He believed in concentrating his attention upon the business in which he was engaged, particularly at mealtime. Now, as he passed his plate, he remarked with an air of gloomy foreboding:

"It is my opinion, sir, that we are in an unhappy position, so to speak. You may have forgotten, sir, that we sailed on the thirteenth day of the month, although I have reminded you of the fact upon other occasions. Yes, sir, if you will recall we sailed from New Bedford on the thirteenth day of July. This, sir, is the thirteenth voyage of the *Sea Lion*, an unfortunate coincidence when taken in connection with the fact that we sailed on the thirteenth. But that, sir, is not the worst. That is not the worst by any means. We have *thirteen in the deck crew*, sir."

Mr. Dugmore pronounced this with vast

solemnity, quite as though he were a judge on the bench passing sentence of death upon a convicted criminal.

"Pish! Pish!" exclaimed the captain.

"Three thirteens, sir, as you must admit and as every seaman will acknowledge, is a fatal combination, a hoodoo combination, so to speak," continued Mr. Dugmore gravely. "We might suppose that it could not be worse, sir. But it is worse, much worse. On top of all that, sir, *Hiram Hodges is a sky pilot*. He don't deny it, sir, and the crew call him 'the Sky Pilot.' A sky pilot always brings a ship bad luck, sir, and with all these thirteens, sir, the vessel is destined to meet disaster. It never fails. It never fails in the face of such signs, sir, and it may be that the threatened mutiny is it. The *Sea Lion* will never see New Bedford again, sir."

"May be *it*? May be what, sir?" Captain Mugford paused in the act of carving to glower at Mr. Dugmore.

"Disaster, sir. Disaster that is certain to overtake us." Mr. Dugmore pronounced the words with slow precision and with studied

dramatic effect, though with no other effect upon Captain Mugford than greatly to irritate him.

"Pish! Pish and fiddlesticks! You've been talking about disaster the whole voyage, Dugmore," said Captain Mugford contemptuously. "You've sunk the ship and drowned us all nearly every day."

Suddenly Captain Mugford's ill humor vanished, and he broke into a hearty, bellowing laugh.

"You're never happy unless you're miserable, Mr. Dugmore. No, sir, never. We've had a fine voyage! Fine voyage! Fine luck with whales! One more good catch, and we'll have all the oil we can stow. Nice lot of ivory and pelts for the first year. No bad luck except losing those two fellows, Billings and Manuel, last fall. They were a brace of lazy scoundrels. Good luck to lose 'em! Yes, good luck to lose 'em! And here you're talking about bad luck! It's a bit of humor, sir! Yes, a good bit of humor! Can't help laughing at you, sir! Can't help it!"

"I think it *was* good luck to lose those two

fellows, Billings and Manuel," ventured Mr. Jones.

"Yes, good luck! Good luck! To be sure it was."

"But you must admit, sir, that thirteen is an unlucky number," persisted Mr. Dugmore solemnly. "A most unlucky number, so to speak. I have heard you speak of it yourself as an unlucky number, sir. Even if there were no other thirteens, we have the thirteen in the deck crew, and on top of that the Sky Pilot."

Mr. Dugmore looked triumphantly at Captain Mugford. He felt that he had clinched his argument.

"Pish and fiddlesticks! We had thirteen in the crew until the Stowaways were discovered. Thirteen and two make fifteen. Where's your arithmetic, sir? Where's your arithmetic? Don't thirteen and two make fifteen? Add it, sir, and see! Add it! A simple sum!"

"But, sir ——"

Mr. Dugmore attempted to speak, but Captain Mugford was not through.

"Let me finish, sir! Let me finish what I was saying! Hiram Hodges isn't a sky pilot. He was never articted as one. He's a plain sailorman. Good one, too! Good one! By the seven seas, I never saw a better! Preaches to 'em down forward Sundays just to keep 'em straight, but that don't make him a sky pilot. Don't seem to make him any worse sailor either! No doubt he's a sort of wishy-washy, sugar and water, namby-pamby fellow outside of sailing. I know his kind. Can't fight, because they won't. Afraid of hurting the other fellow. But he's a sailor! By hickory, he is! Knows his business, and does it! Smart as they make 'em on deck or in a whale-boat! That's all I care about. All I want to know about him. He isn't a sky pilot! Pish and fiddlesticks!"

"You forget, sir, that after the Stowaways were added to the crew we lost Billings and Manuel, and that brought the number down to thirteen." Mr. Dugmore looked triumphant. "My arithmetic is correct, sir. Luck turned against us, so to speak, and Fate cast again upon us the unlucky thirteen."

"We'll call the cooper one of the deck crew then to make it fourteen. Throw in Shanks and the cook for good measure and make the number sixteen," guffawed the captain. "That breaks up your thirteen, Mr. Dugmore! No more thirteens on this ship! Cheer up, sir! Cheer up! We're in for the best voyage we ever had."

Mr. Dugmore did not cheer up. He finished his meal gloomily, but this was characteristic. Though an excellent officer and good navigator, superstition was a mania with him. He was always watching for ill omens, and at every turn he found them as everyone does who looks for them. And as is usually the case with those who permit superstitions to be their master, he lived in constant fear of some unknown but impending calamity with the quite natural result that he existed in a self-created atmosphere of anxiety and gloom.

Nor was Mr. Jones in the least satisfied with Captain Mugford's reception of the Sky Pilot's warning. He, himself, had heard something of the rumblings in the forecastle,

and the Sky Pilot had verified his fear that all was not well among the men. For several days they had been sulky, and he had observed a certain hesitation in obeying orders that bordered upon insubordination but was still not sufficiently pronounced to warrant discipline or more than a sharp, "Look alive there!" which usually resulted in quickened action.

The Sky Pilot and Mr. Jones were quite right; and Mr. Dugmore for once had not gone astray in his premonition that something was on foot.

CHAPTER IV

A SINISTER THREAT

THERE was little said in the fore-castle that day. A suppressed excitement among the men was apparent. The Sky Pilot, quite as though nothing was on his mind, attempted conversation, but none save Joshua Tidd, or "Daddy" as everyone aboard ship called him, seemed at ease or disposed to talk. Daddy, a grizzled old whaler, and quite the oldest man in the crew, was a general favorite.

"I believe I've never seen the waters so free of ice at this season," remarked the Sky Pilot in an effort to break the awkward and ominous silence. "There's no pack ice at all."

"It has been most thirty years, as near as I calc'late, since I remember as clear a sea as we've got now," said Daddy. "That's before you remember and I kinder guess before any of the crew except myself remembers. I was on the old *White Gull* that year, and we sailed clean up into Kane Basin. Melville

Sound and Kane Basin were about as clear of ice that year as Boston Harbor. I never see the like on't. Mr. Dugmore was cabin boy. It was his first v'yage if I recalls right, and he wa'n't over fifteen. Them was the days of real whalin'! He was a good lad and a good sailor, first and last, but he was always expectin' everything to go to the bowwows. And I want to say right here he's a dangerous man in a scrimmage. He's as good as any six, or used to be, and I reckon he ain't lost any of it. I've seen him clean up the whole deck single-handed."

Daddy paused to help himself liberally to bear's meat and macaroni, and when his plate was supplied to his satisfaction, he continued reminiscently:

"Them was the days of real whalin'! We didn't putter around tradin' with the Eskimos them days. We were whalin' on't. Them was great days!"

"I suppose you didn't bother with anything but right whales?" asked the Sky Pilot, as Daddy gave evidence of lapsing into silence.

"Mostly them," said Daddy. "There were

plenty of bottle-nose whales over along the Baffin Land side and sometimes we'd pick 'em up. But they didn't give us any whalebone, and whalebone counted up. There was a lot of it used them days in women's toggery, and a big call for it, so we mostly looked for right whales, and got 'em too. The *White Gull* was fitted with oil tanks amidships, and we never went back without them tanks filled to the top."

"Weren't there any vessels fitted out for trading with the natives then?" asked Al.

"There wa'n't none to speak of north of The Labrador. There's always been tradin' goin' on there. As I said, none of the whalers bothered with trade. That was a different line. Whalers in them days went out for whales and nothin' else."

"What was the longest voyage you were ever on?" asked Harry.

"The longest one?" Daddy grinned. "That was a fool v'yage. I shipped in the brig *Nancy Hale*, and I never see home for four years and nine months. The master's name was Loon, and he was about as crazy

as they say loons be. You've often heard folks say 'crazy as a loon.' Well that was him. He got it in his dotty head there was a fortune in sulphur-bottoms. We'd heard a lot about 'em, and I must say we young fellers were ready enough to take a go at 'em. They were reported thick south of Cape Horn, and they was. We found 'em down in the Antarctic seas, plenty on 'em, but we never killed one. The first one we got irons in cut up ructions and smashed two boats. They didn't act like ordinary human whales. They was too big and too gay for us plain men, them whales was."

"Did you come back in ballast?" asked the Sky Pilot.

"Nope, that wa'n't the old man's way," Daddy chuckled. "We p'inted north to Bering Sea, and had one tarnation of a time."

"Tell us about it," said Harry.

"It's too long a yarn for one settin'," Daddy objected. "I'll spin it to you when we get in our winter berth, when the old sun goes away and leaves us for the long night, and we're wantin' something to keep us cheerful."

Inkovitch looked up.

"We may not be in a winter berth for the long night," he hinted ominously.

"Oh, I reckon we will," Daddy grinned broadly, but his grin was a challenge. "Leastways I'm kinder countin' on't. I can't remember ever bein' in the Arctic when we could cruise around after winter set in, and mostly the sun goes out for a spell in winter in these latitudes."

Some of the men moved restlessly. They recognized the challenge. Inkovitch made no retort, and Daddy fell silent until dinner was finished.

"That kinder shet that feller off," said Daddy in an aside to Al when they were on deck. "Some day I'll tell you fellers about the v'yage of the *Nancy Hale*. The old man turned pirate, and I was a full-blown pirate for nigh a year, but I couldn't help it. I had all the piratin' I wanted, and my advice to you young fellers is not to get mixed up in that sort of thing if you can keep out of it, and I reckon you can these days in these seas."

"You bet we'll keep out of it!" said Al,

catching the drift of Daddy's warning to take no part in any mutinous action of the crew.

That afternoon when Al and Harry were busy on deck, the German, Marx, approached them bluntly with the question?

"Vell, how apout *eet*?"

"How about what?" asked Al.

"You know vell enough how apout vat," snapped the German. "That Sky Pilot, he tell you alreaty yet, und you alreaty know vat eet ess ve are to do vithout heem telling you."

"You'll have to make yourself plain and tell us what you're driving at, Marx," Al insisted.

"You Stowaways are not plind und dumb yet, und you are not mitout ears to hear," said Marx insolently. "Now I vant to know vonce how apout eet. Vat side haff you alreaty make up your mind to take?"

"We're not mind readers, either of us," Al had decided to force Marx to a definite statement of the plans of the mutineers. "We don't propose to guess at what you're driving

at. If you've got anything to say, come out with it."

"You do not haff to be a mind reader to know vat apout it ess I speak. The Sky Pilot tells you alreaty ven he makes pelief show you a perg," Marx eyed Al and Harry malevolently through narrowed lids, though the latter, busy with a halyard, did not speak or evince interest in the conversation. "I am not yet a fool, und you are not a fool alreaty."

"If you have anything to say, say it. I haven't time to guess conundrums," Al turned to his work.

"You vill pe guessing conundrums alreaty that you do not like to guess," Marx glowered angrily. "If you vill not pe mit the crew you vill dake vat it ess that comes mit you, und I speak mit you poth. It ess for your goot I say vat I say alreaty. All the crew vill pe together mit this only that coward, the Sky Pilot. He talks mit us apout heaven und hell und tamnation und such rot. He ess a coward und afraid, und he vill haff somedings to pe afraid apout yet."

"See here, Marx," Al faced the man boldly,

"I won't stand here and permit you to talk in that way about the Sky Pilot. I want you to know he's a friend of mine. You're an anarchist, or socialist, as you call yourself, which is the same thing these days, and being one, you don't believe in God or heaven or hell. But I want to tell you now if you're itching to start anything on this ship go ahead and start it this minute and you'll believe in hell before you get through. Now get away from here or I'll start something myself! I don't want to hear any more of your blatting!"

"You vill feel a knife in your heart yet, for this!" Marx was in a white rage.

Harry heard the threat, and seizing a marlinespike, faced the German.

"If you don't get out of here I'll give you what's coming to you right now! There won't be any waiting!" he threatened.

"Und there vill pe a knife for you also! You vill poth go to feed the fishes, und the Sky Pilot he vill go mit you!"

Marx walked away, and Al and Harry saw him presently talking with Inkovitch, and the two eying them.

"Those two will do just what Marx threatened," said Harry. "They're a desperate pair."

"Captain Mugford knows all about this scheme. Mr. Jones has told him, and they'll take care of Marx and Inkovitch," assured Al confidently. "Those fellows won't dare try any knifing until they mutiny openly, and Captain Mugford will head them off so there won't be any mutiny. There's nothing to be afraid of for the present, at least."

"The officers haven't done anything yet," suggested Harry uneasily. "It seems to me the proper time to head the thing off is now before it gets started."

"They've probably got some plan," insisted Al. "Captain Mugford is an old whaler, and he knows how to handle these things."

"Anyhow it's up to us to keep an eye on Marx and Inkovitch," said Harry, not wholly at ease. "I wouldn't trust 'em for a single minute."

"Of course we'll keep our eye on 'em, but I wish we were armed," suggested Al.

"So do I," said Harry. "I don't believe

there's a revolver on the ship, unless the officers have them, and I hope they have."

"They've got them," Al glanced toward Marx and Inkovitch, "and those fellows have too. They're probably carrying guns this minute, and there's no doubt they've got knives stowed away in their clothes."

CHAPTER V

THE OUTLAWS CONSPIRE

IN THE forward part of the hold and just aft of the forecastle was a small room in which were stored the less bulky articles of trade when unpacked from the boxes, such as cloth, thread, needles, axes, ammunition, guns, and what not. The space enclosed in the room had formerly been a part of the forecastle, and was separated from it by a temporary thin board partition, and one in the room could easily hear conversation conducted in ordinary tones in the sailors' quarters.

Here, an hour or two after the dispute with Marx, Al was sent by Mr. Jones to put the room in order and to unpack fresh goods. It was a dark room, and lighting a lantern which he hung upon a hook suspended from a beam overhead, he drew from his pocket the list of goods to be unpacked, and had scarcely

begun to examine it, preparatory to beginning his work, when he became aware that some men were descending from the deck into the forecastle. Recognizing Marx's voice, Al made no movement to betray his presence, and listened. After a moment the voice of a sailor on the opposite side of the partition asked:

"What did you say to 'em Marx?"

"Vat vas it did I say? I say that they vill feel a knife in their hearts vonce yet, und I say that coward, the Sky Pilot, vill also yet feel a knife in his heart, und they vill all go to feed the fishes."

"They ain't square, them fellers. A knife ain't none too good for 'em." Al could hear the man spit. "If they was square they'd come in with the crew on this deal. They're scabs, that's what I says."

"That ess vat it ees. They are scabs," agreed Marx.

"The way you and Inkovitch is doin' though sounds like talk. It's all wind and nothin' doin', that's what I says," the other continued, and Al recognized the voice as that

of a sailor named Levine, a rough fellow, but one who had always displayed considerable friendship for himself and Harry. "Them Stowaways and this here Sky Pilot is too high and mighty. They'll make trouble for us yet. The Sky Pilot's a scab I says just like the Stowaways be."

"It ess not talk mit me. I vill do vat I say," boasted Marx. "Vat you mean the vay me und Inkovitch does?"

"You fellers have been talkin' about gettin' the thing started for a week now, and ain't done nothin'," Levine gave a grunt of contempt. "Why don't we do it and have it over with? That's what I says. I'm for doin' things and gettin' 'em done. That's me."

"I says that to Inkovitch already vonce," explained Marx, "und Inkovitch he says he will first wait und kill von more whale yet to fill the casks. Then the ship it vill haff a better cargo and vill be of more value ven we take her, und we can take the ship when we get ready to take her."

"We may not kill another whale before the ice catches us," objected Levine. "Then

what'll we do? That's what I wants to know."

"We vill vait von veek, und if then we kill no whale yet, we vill take the ship," promised Marx.

"I'm for doin' things and not puttin' 'em off. That's me." Levine spit again. "Puttin' off is bad, and there's a chance some of the crew'll weaken, that's what I says. Now I wants to know how long we'll be standin' off. I'll be startin' the thing myself, I will, if somebody else don't. That's me."

"Don't pe in a hurry und the thing vill come right," counseled Marx. "Let us pe patient un kill von more whale. Then we vill vatch oud und get the officers py themselves alone, und vonce we haff them oud of the way, the others vill pe already done. They vill pe of no account in fighting."

"I can't stand the old man's blowing around much longer," said Levine. "The mate's gettin' on to us too, and they'll be headin' us off some way if we waits, that's what I says."

"It ess not possible yet to head us off," argued Marx. "All the crew are mit us but

the Sky Pilot, und he ess a coward, und Daddy Tidd, und he ess too old to fight, und the Stowaways, und they vill pe afraid ven the fight comes und do noddings ven they see a knife und a gun."

"There's Shanks. He can do something. Count 'em all in, that's what I says," prompted Levine.

"Shanks, he vill pe noddings," sneered Marx. "No more vill Spuds. He ees too fat to make himself get oud of his own vay vonce."

"All of 'em put together will give us a tussle, with the cap'n and the two mates, and the sooner it's done the better, I says for one. Ain't I right, now?" asked Levine.

"It vill pe goot ven it ess over vonce, but as I am telling you, we vill first get ourselves rid of the officers," said Marx. "But you listen to me now, Levine. You vill keep your quietness and do your vork goot und say noddings to make trouble. You hear vat I say, now?"

"Oh, I won't be making no trouble till you gives the word," said Levine. "Seems to me

you've been sayin' things to make trouble ahead of time yourself."

"Vat vas it now I say to make trouble?" asked Marx sharply.

"You told the Stowaways you'd get 'em. You says yourself you told 'em you'd knife 'em," accused Levine. "If that ain't sayin' somethin' to make trouble I'd like to know it, that's what I says."

"Yes, I say that," admitted Marx. "But the Stowaways vill make no trouble mit my saying it. Captain Mugford would just pe saying I vas having fun mit them. I vill stick them mit a knife, though!" he added venomously.

"When you goin' to stick 'em?" asked Levine. "If you stick 'em the cap'n won't be sayin' you're just having fun with 'em, that's what I says."

"I vill not stick them till comes the fight, you fool!" Marx was showing temper. "Then it ees I vill stick them vonce und heave them to the fishes into the sea overpoard, und then we vill heave the Sky Pilot over to keep them company also. Und after them vill go

the captain und the mates und that old doddering Daddy Tidd."

"That's the talk!" said Levine. "That's business now, that's what I says. Dead men can't talk. But you says nothin' of Spuds and Shanks. Do they go too?"

"They'll get the same," assured Marx.

"That's business! You're a man, now, Marx! You're the sort of man I likes, that's what I says. Overboard they all goes, good and dead first, good and dead, and then there's nobody to talk and make trouble. A dead man's worth two live ones for keepin' quiet. That's what I says. That's me." Al could hear Levine chuckle.

"Und you vill keep quiet und do your vork till the time it comes to take the ship?" asked Marx.

"Yes, I'll keep quiet all right," agreed Levine.

"We vill do vat you call pull her off vonce yet, und everypody leaves it to Inkovitch und me," said Marx with satisfaction. "A fine cargo we vill haff. The hold ees filled alreaty yet mit oil und fine ivory und furs."

"How are we goin' to get away with the swag? That's what I want to know?" asked Levine.

"Vith the vat?" Marx appeared puzzled.

"The swag, the cargo? The vessel's registered and if we go into any civilized port we'll have to fix up a story that'll go, that's what I says."

"That, too, Inkovitch und I vill handle," assured Marx. "We vill sail to Europe, und we vill make rid of the cargo at goot prices."

"That's the talk! That's what I says! That's me!" enthused Levine. "Get a bow-line on the officers and the scabs. Get a bow-line on 'em that won't slip. Good and dead. Good and dead. That's what I says. Pitch 'em overboard to mess with the seals and walrus. That's me. Seals and walrus can't talk, and the sea's big. Put 'em where they'll never be heard from and never peep or squeal. That's the talk! That's what I says."

"We vill fix them where the fishes vill eat them, und they vill never squeal vonce," chuckled Marx.

"That's talkin' now! That's the way to

treat 'em! Put 'em where none of 'em'll ever squeal!" Al could hear Marx squirt tobacco juice. "You're a man, Marx, you're a man. Got the nerve. That's what counts, that's what I says. No squeamishness. Finish the thing right, that's what I says. That's me."

"It must be finished right," agreed Marx, "und we vill then sail as we please."

"But how about findin' your port?" asked Levine with sudden concern. "How about *that* now? There's not a man of us knows the way of takin' a squint at the sun for latitude and longitude, and there's not a man among us can lay a course as I knows of. That's what I wants to know now?"

"We can sail by headlands from here to The Labrador," explained Marx, "und ven we get vonce alreaty off The Labrador, we can make a compass course east to Europe."

"The sea's big," Levine spat. "I for one don't fancy floatin' around till the water casks is empty and the grub's gone. Not me for that, now."

"There vill pe none of that," Marx assured. "A compass course east vill take us to

Europe, und alreaty vonce we sight the land we can find oud the place we are, und vonce again sail py headlands. Inkovitch he has sailed all the northern coast of Europe alreaty, und myself I haff sailed all the southern coast, und vonce we haff found our land we vill know how it ees the course to make."

"All right," agreed Levine. "It's up to Inkovitch and you, if you know how to do it. I can hold her to a course if I has it, but I never could lay the course."

"It ees vell to haff some rifles hid in our bunks alreaty," suggested Marx. "I haff made alreaty two boards loose, und we can go in the room here vat they haff to keep the rifles und trading goods. You vill keep vatch now, Levine, und I vill go in und get the rifles und some cartridges, und we can hide them in our bunks, und I can put the boards pack vonce again. No von vill know we take them, und they vill pe reaty when the time comes."

"That's business, now," agreed Levine. "I'll keep watch."

"Is the vay clear?" asked Marx after a mo-

ment's waiting, doubtless to give Levine time to reach the door at the head of the stairs leading to the deck.

"It's all right," came Levine's voice from the distance.

Al's heart beat fast and hard against his chest as he heard Marx fumbling with the board partition. There was not sufficient time to extinguish the lantern and retreat, and if Marx entered the room and saw the lighted lantern he would know that he and Levine had been overheard and would search the hold, for Al could scarcely reach the deck without discovery. Marx was undoubtedly armed and Al was not. If Marx found him in the hold he could kill him with little danger of being overheard above decks. Marx could easily hide his body among the oil casks, and his disappearance would only lead to the conclusion that he had fallen overboard.

These thoughts flashed through Al's mind while he heard Marx working with the boards. Suddenly his eye fell upon an unloaded rifle and he seized it. He could hold Marx off with it.

Then he heard Marx's voice:

"Levine, come down vonce again!"

"What you want?" Levine asked a moment later.

"I haff put von screw in each board to hold heem, und I cannot find where it ees I put the screwdriver," explained Marx.

"I haven't seen it," said Levine. Then, after a moment, "here she is. You'll have to work fast, now, that's what I says."

Al, meanwhile, had lost no time. The delay had given him an opportunity to lift the lantern from the hook, slip out into the hold, and cautiously close the door leading from the hold into the storeroom. Silently he dropped the bolt into place on the outside. Now, extinguishing the light, he listened.

In a moment he heard Marx enter the room, and assured he was appropriating rifles and ammunition Al returned to the deck to report to Mr. Jones what had taken place.

CHAPTER VI

CAPTAIN MUGFORD'S STRATEGY

AL SAW Levine at the door of the forward deckhouse, rolling his quid in his cheek and apparently enjoying a prospect of the afternoon sea. To all appearances he was simply a rough and inoffensive seaman. No one would have suspected him, as he stood there, of being the desperado and cutthroat that Al now knew him to be, and Al shuddered as he looked at him. Levine was one of the sailors who had been kind to Al and Harry when they were the butt of the crew, and had always been a favorite with them.

"Fine day for these parts, mate," he greeted good-naturedly as Al passed him.

Hurrying aft Al found Mr. Jones reading the taffrail log.

"Mr. Jones, sir, I have something of importance to report," announced Al excitedly.

"Well, report," said Mr. Jones shortly.

"It's in connection with what the Sky Pilot told you yesterday, sir," said Al.

Quickly as possible and with few words he told of the encounter of himself and Harry with Marx during the afternoon; of Marx's threat; and finally of his own recent experience in the storeroom and the conversation he had overheard between Marx and Levine.

"Come with me!" commanded the mate.

Al followed Mr. Jones below and into the cabin, where they found Captain Mugford poring over a chart.

"Captain Mugford, sir, Knowles has something to report to you in connection with what I told you concerning the threatened mutiny," announced Mr. Jones quite as though it were an everyday occurrence to have a mutiny. "It is interesting, sir, for he has details of the plans of the mutineers, and knows definitely the leaders as well as the men concerned in it."

"Pish!" exclaimed Captain Mugford, annoyed at the interruption. "Don't believe it! Don't believe a word of it! Just ordinary grumbling of the crew! Well, why don't

you tell me what you have to say? Go ahead and tell me! Haven't time to waste!"

"Marx came to Harry and me this afternoon, sir, to induce us to join the mutineers, and because we refused threatened to knife us and heave us overboard the first chance he has," Al began.

"Knife you! Threatened to knife you? And on my ship? Won't have it! Won't have my Stowaways knifed and hove overboard! Think too much of you two fellows! Trained you to be good sailors and can't spare you! No, can't spare you! Sit down, Al! Sit down! What you standing for when there's a seat? Sitting is much easier than standing, unless you're tired of sitting! Sit right down!"

Al seated himself, not quite sure whether Captain Mugford was treating the affair as a joke or seriously.

"Go on with your yarn, now. Always ready to hear a good yarn."

Despite his apparently frivolous reception of Al, Captain Mugford listened attentively and without an interruption to Al's account of

the storeroom episode. Then turning to Mr. Jones, he asked seriously:

"What do you make of it, Mr. Jones? Can't believe it possible. Sounds bad, though! Sounds bad! Mistaken in my men! Have I been mistaken in them? Trusted them all, too! Trusted them all!"

"There's no doubt it's serious, sir, and deserves prompt action," said Mr. Jones.

"Yes! Yes! No doubt! No doubt it does!" repeated the captain, for a moment preoccupied.

"We should recover those rifles that have been hidden in the bunks, sir," suggested Mr. Jones.

"Let's see now! Let's see now how many are in their gang, and how many with us? Count 'em up, Mr. Jones!"

"Besides yourself, sir, Mr. Dugmore and myself, there's Daddy Tidd ——"

"A good man! Good man if he is a bit over age!" interrupted Captain Mugford. "Brave as a lion! A regular shark in a fight! Not as nimble as he was once! That's against him, Mr. Jones! That's against him!"

"And Hodges, the Sky Pilot—" continued Mr. Jones.

"Hodges! Kind of milk-and-water, sanctimonious, brotherly love sort of fellow!" Captain Mugford shook his head. "Good sailor, obeys orders and knows his business, but he'll turn out no good in a scrimmage! Afraid of hurting somebody! Those religious fellows won't fight, Mr. Jones. Let 'em crack him on one cheek and he'll turn the other to 'em. Then they'll bat him over the head and overboard he goes, just a carcass. Go on, Mr. Jones!"

"I don't agree with you about the Sky Pilot. I think he'll fight if it comes to that," suggested Mr. Jones.

"He'll fight all right, sir," Al ventured in defense of his friend.

"Hope he will, but don't believe it! Go on, sir!" the captain directed impatiently.

"Spuds, the cook——"

"Pish! Pish and fiddlesticks!" Captain Mugford broke in impatiently. "Be in the way! Good cook! Best cook I ever had, but just a jelly-fish in a fight! Too fat, and no

spunk or grit! No more use in a fight than a ten-year-old schoolgirl! Couldn't fight!"

"Shanks, Knowles here, and Metford are the only other ones," summarized Mr. Jones.

"Yes! Yes! I see! Three youngsters! May be pretty good in a scrimmage, though!" Captain Mugford scrutinized Al closely. "Broad shouldered, plenty of muscle, quick as a weasel! Not a match for some of those fellows fo'ard, though! Put up a good fight anyhow, both of the Stowaways! Plenty of grit! That counts! Shanks a bit too spindly! Not so good, but gritty and alive! He'll help too! He'll help!"

"Including yourself, the second mate, and me, that makes eight of us, counting Spuds and everybody, and there are ten in the gang of mutineers and all of 'em as tough as tarred rope and as husky as whales and as devilish as sharks," said Mr. Jones.

"Don't count the cook or the Sky Pilot! Can't count on them! Only six of us, sir! Only six, and three of 'em youngsters!" corrected the captain. "But Dugmore's as good as any three of 'em! Bad man in a fight!

You're another, sir! You're another fighter, if you'll permit me to say so. Yes, sir, you're a fighter! Fist like a hammer!"

"I'll try to do my share if there's to be any fighting," said Mr. Jones modestly.

"Yes, to be sure you will! To be sure you will! I've seen you fight, sir, and I know what you can do," Captain Mugford nodded approvingly at Mr. Jones.

"I'm sure you are underestimating the Sky Pilot, sir," suggested Al. "I believe if it comes to a show-down you'll find him as good a fighter as he is a sailor, if it's to fight in defense of the ship."

"Pish!" Captain Mugford never hesitated to express his views. "Too much brotherly love! Too religious! He'll stand up and try to preach to 'em! Tell 'em to be gentle and kind! While he's talking they'll stick a knife in his gizzard as they've promised and heave him overboard. Can't count on him! Sky pilots are all alike!"

"I'm sure you're mistaken in this case," insisted Al, at the risk of seeming to argue.

"Hope so! Hope so!" Captain Mugford

took a turn or two up and down the cabin, and then sitting down abruptly, asked :

"Mr. Jones, sir, what do you think we had better do? I'd like to maroon the leaders on an iceberg, and leave 'em there to cool off! That would cool 'em off! Yes, sir, that would cool 'em off! But we can't do it! Just talk! Just talk, sir! We can't do it!"

"My advice, sir," counseled Mr. Jones, "is to take hold of the matter at once. It is better to settle it before the thing breaks out than afterward."

"Not too fast, sir! Not too fast!" objected the captain. "They're armed. They're stronger than we are. Have to handle the thing right or they'll master us. Yes, sir, have to handle it right."

"That's true too, sir," admitted Mr. Jones. "I was not thinking of those rifles they've stolen."

"Have to think of those things, sir! Have to think of 'em! How does this strike you, sir?" The captain leaned back in his chair. "They won't do anything until we kill another whale, if we kill one within a week."

If we don't kill one within a week, then they'll take a fling at us anyhow. We must get those rifles by hook or by crook in the next three days. Yes, sir, in the next three days to make sure of 'em. Then some fine morning I'll take the fling myself. Get 'em in the in'ards! Yes, sir, we'll get 'em in the in'ards!"

"How will you handle it, sir?" asked Mr. Jones.

"We'll arm Daddy Tidd, the Stowaways and Shanks, and you and Dugmore and myself, and for show it'll do no harm to put a rifle in the Sky Pilot's hands, though he'd never point it at a man. We'll be armed and they'll not be armed and we'll have 'em! Yes, sir, we'll have 'em! And by the ghost of Jonah's whale I'll show 'em who's master of this ship! I'll show 'em!"

"What's your plan, sir, for searching the fo'c's'le for arms?" asked Mr. Jones. "If we go to the fo'c's'le to search they'll know what's up, and we'll have 'em on our backs at once."

"There's that Eskimo hunting place just

to the nuth'ard of Cape Parry, sir," explained Captain Mugford. "We'll stop there for trade. We'll keep the Stowaways and Shanks aboard, and send all the others ashore with Daddy to get fresh water for the tank. While they're gone we'll search for arms. How does that strike you, sir? How does that strike you?"

"Perhaps it'll work out. It's the best plan at present, so far as I can see," said Mr. Jones rather doubtfully.

"Of course it'll work out! Of course it will! Can't fail! The guns'll be out of their reach, and they'll not miss 'em until they're ready to make their strike," Captain Mugford chuckled. "Never miss 'em! Before that, we'll make our strike! Yes, sir, we'll make our strike, and by the seven seas 'twill be a strike they'll remember, every cutthroat of 'em! Remember it till the day they die! Yes, sir, they'll remember it, and they'll learn who's master of this ship! We'll give 'em a lesson they'll not forget! Give 'em a lesson, sir!"

At that moment the voice of the lookout in

the barrel aloft came floating down through the open doorway of the cabin:

"T-h-e-r-e she blows! T-h-e-r-e she blows!"

The three men were electrified and sprang to their feet.

"There's the whale they've been waiting for!" exclaimed Mr. Jones.

"Yes, that's it! That's it! Keep the Stowaways and Shanks aboard ship, sir!" directed Captain Mugford. "Send the cooper to man an oar in one of the boats!"

CHAPTER VII

THE WHALE HUNT

QUITE as though nothing unusual were on foot, and no mutiny in the air, the men, excited as whalemén always are when a whale is sighted, were at their posts when Captain Mugford and Mr. Jones with Al trailing behind reached the deck.

"Where ahoy?" bellowed Captain Mugford.

"About four points off the port bow, sir!" came the answer from the lookout in the barrel. "Heading sou'west, sir!"

Necessary orders were given to change the course of the vessel to intercept the whale, boats were swung out on the davits, and all made ready for the chase.

Mr. Jones, in accordance with Captain Mugford's directions, ordered Harry to take the wheel, Al was sent aloft to relieve the man in the barrel, and the cooper was ordered

to a boat to man an oar. Shanks' duties kept him aboard ship without special instructions.

Mr. Jones and Mr. Dugmore each commanded a boat, and Daddy Tidd in one and the Sky Pilot in the other served as harpoon gunners. Thus, when the boats should be away during the chase, Captain Mugford, Al, Harry, Shanks, and Spuds were to be the only men aboard the *Sea Lion*.

Presently the whale spouted again, off the starboard bow this time, and not above half a mile distant. The boats were lowered away and manned and off they pulled for the whale.

Al, who had taken the position of the lookout in the barrel, was immediately ordered below by Captain Mugford.

"Now Al, look alive! Look alive!" ordered the captain. "Search for arms! Take Shanks with you! I'll remain on deck and trust to you! Get everything! Everything I say! Don't leave a gun or a knife for those cutthroats! Trust to you now! Look alive!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" and Al called Shanks to follow him into the forecastle.

As they went below Al hurriedly told Shanks of the conversation he had overheard between Marx and Levine, and with all haste they began a search of the bunks.

"Here's one!" exclaimed Al, drawing a rifle from beneath a mattress.

"And here's one!" said Shanks, drawing another from the next bunk.

Presently they had uncovered ten carefully hidden rifles, the magazines of all fully loaded with ball cartridges. The bunks were remade and restored as nearly as possible to their former appearance, and then a search was made of the men's sea chests. Four dirks, two revolvers, and additional supplies of cartridges were discovered.

"That seems to be all," said Al finally.

"Guess so," and Shanks grinned. "Won't them fellers be surprised? They meant business all right, dod ding 'em! I'd like to blister their hides with a rope end."

"We'll take the stuff on deck," directed Al.

"Found 'em, didn't you? Yes, found 'em! Regular arsenal!" beamed Captain Mugford.

"Got everything? Didn't overlook anything?"

"No, sir," assured Al, "we got everything. We searched every bunk and every chest."

"Good! Good! Take the stuff all into the hold, now!" directed Captain Mugford. "Remove all guns, ammunition, knives, or anything else that might be used as weapons from the storeroom! You understand, now, everything! Put 'em in the hold! Lock the door between storeroom and hold so they can't get in there! That'll fix 'em! Yes, that'll fix 'em, the dirty sharks! Look alive, now, you rascals! Look alive!"

Al and Shanks "looked alive." There was a two-inch oak partition between the hold and the storeroom, quite different from the thin makeshift partition between the storeroom and the forecastle; and a heavy oak door fitted with bolt and lock rendered it secure against any efforts the mutineers might make to enter. Ten minutes' active work was sufficient to clear the storeroom of arms and ammunition. Then the bolt was shot, the heavy padlock snapped, and Al and Shanks returned to the deck to report to Captain Mugford.

"Good work, lads! Good work! Guess we've got 'em now! Got 'em now, all right!" chuckled the captain.

Then the hatches were closed, and Captain Mugford himself clamped down the iron bars that secured them and locked the bars into place.

There was breathing time now for Al and Shanks, and they joined Harry at the wheel to relate what had occurred.

"We've had a narrow escape," Harry declared, no less wrought up at the murderous plans than Al had been.

"We're not through with 'em yet," Al predicted. "They haven't the guns, but there are ten of 'em against eight of us, and we may as well say seven of us, for Spuds don't count. He wouldn't be of any use in a fight, he's too fat. They may get us yet. Inkovitch, Marx, and Levine are desperate men. I don't trust any of the others now, either."

"Yes," agreed Harry, "and Ole Johnson will be a bad man in a fight too. I think he's as deep in it as any of them."

"And this mornin' I reckoned it was just

the natural growlin' of the crew we always have," said Shanks. "You couldn't have made me believe it, now, if I hadn't seen them guns and pig stickers and revolvers with my own eyes. They're goin' to give us a tussle, you bet, before they're through. They'll be mad as all git out when they find we've skinned the fo'c's'le!"

"We'll be all right if they don't find out before Captain Mugford breaks his surprise on 'em," suggested Al. "If they find out first they'll have the best of it."

"He'll likely get movin' tomorrow," said Shanks. "He ain't much on puttin' things off when he gets good and riled up like he is now. I wish it hadn't gone out of style to truss fellers up like them and give 'em the cat-o'-nine-tails. They need it, and they deserve all that's comin' to 'em."

"You tough old sea salt!" Harry laughed. "You know you'd lay it on light when the time came. You wouldn't have the heart to hurt 'em much."

"Maybe I wouldn't like to do it if it came to that," grinned Shanks, "but just now I feel

like I would take some joy in it. It would be kinder like pumpkin pie to me."

"The trouble with Captain Mugford is that he trusts his men too much," said Al. "It's hard for him to believe any of 'em would go wrong. He does a lot of blustering, but he's as tender-hearted and kind as a woman. I'm afraid when it comes to a show-down that he'll be too easy with 'em. Like as not he'll let 'em all off in the end with a blowing up."

"He's the easiest feller I ever saw, mostly," agreed Shanks, "but when he's good and riled he's a terror. I reckon he's feelin' that way now, and he won't show the bosses of this pirate gang much quarter when it comes to a show-down. You just hold on to the riggin' and look out for what's goin' to happen."

"Maybe," suggested Harry seriously, "the other fellows will have the best of it."

"We needn't look for any quarter from them," said Shanks. "They're reg'lar cut-throats. If they lick us we can say good-bye to New Bedford. We'll never see it again. It'll be kingdom come for us."

"Marks, Levine, and Inkovitch are Reds

anyhow, and human life has no value to them," Al shuddered at the recollection of his recent experience.

"Have you said anything to Spuds about what has been going on?" asked Harry.

"Nope. 'Twouldn't do. He talks too much. He'd go blattin' it right off, and tellin' 'em how they'd have handled fellers like them in the *Mayflower*. He knows about the growlin' of course and the talk of a round robin. He heard that from them, but that's about all."

"I wonder what's up!" exclaimed Al, suddenly. "The boats don't seem to be doing much."

The boats were now upwards of a mile and a half from the ship. They had evidently discontinued the chase, but were quite too far away for the occupants to be seen distinctly.

"Well," said Shanks after a long scrutiny, "I can't make it out."

"Neither can I," said Harry, "but there's something up."

CHAPTER VIII

LEVINE MAKES A PROPOSITION

CAPTAIN MUGFORD was closely scrutinizing the boats through his glass. For several minutes he watched intently. He was evidently not pleased with what he saw, for he presently exclaimed:

“By the ghost of Jonah’s whale! Land lubbers! Pish! Lost him! There he blows to the lee’ard! Steering for Baffin Land and making a good six knots! Pish! Missed him! Can’t get him now! Can’t get him! Bunglers! Bunglers! Land lubbers! Just land lubbers! Pish! Pish!”

Captain Mugford was addressing these fragmentary exclamations to himself. He had quite forgotten for the time the threatened mutiny, and was experiencing a vast ill humor because his men had failed to get irons into the whale. Lowering his glass in disgust he strode aft. Whales were not plenti-

ful, and it was no small disappointment that a right whale, with his fortune of oil and bone, should have been allowed to escape.

"The boats are coming back," said Al, "and the old man is in a huff because they let the whale get away from them."

"He was goin' up wind to beat election," said Shanks. "They never could catch up with him against the wind. The old man knows it too, but it kinder puts him out of sorts. It's the way with everybody when they lose somethin' they think is theirs sure. 'Tain't no use countin' the pullets and roosters you're goin' to have till after the old hen gets through settin', and sometimes she leaves the nest before the eggs are hatched. The old man won't blame 'em any. He'll just swaller it and be all right when they come back. That's his way."

"I wonder what Marx and those fellows will do now?" suggested Harry. "I wonder if they'll wait the week out for another whale?"

"Nobody knows what them fellers'll do, but I reckon the old man won't wait the

week out. He'll get things started by today or tomorrow," Shanks predicted. "He's got his back up and he's riled clean through. He'll spring some little surprise on 'em when they ain't lookin' for it."

"I'll be glad when it's over with and settled," said Al. "It keeps a fellow on edge all the time. We've only had one day of it, but I don't see how I can hold everything inside me much longer, and I'm sure I'll explode before a week is up."

Twenty minutes later the boats were hoisted aboard. The men openly expressed disappointment at the failure of the hunt, but that was natural enough when luck went against them. A good right whale had shown them its tail and escaped the irons. That was bad luck enough, and something to grumble about.

That evening after supper Al and Harry observed Marx and Levine emerge from the forecastle with faces black as thunderclouds. They sought Inkovitch, and immediately the three had their heads together talking aside in low tones among themselves, and presently

Levine sought Ole Johnson and drew him into the conference.

"They've found out that the guns have been taken," Al whispered. "Now I wonder what they'll do."

The four continued in what was apparently a spirited controversy for ten minutes, then Marx and Levine descended into the fore-castle while Ole Johnson lighted his pipe and stationed himself in the doorway leading to the fore-castle. A few minutes later Inkovitch, wearing an ugly scowl, had a word with Ole and also descended into the fore-castle.

Inkovitch was a tall, large-boned man, about forty years of age. He had thick, bushy black hair, swarthy skin, and wore a stubby black beard, and below shaggy black eyebrows there appeared beady, suspicious, shiftless eyes. The officers rated him a good sailor, but he was a sullen fellow generally, though he seemed to have the power to dominate the fore-castle, and the majority of the men accepted him without question as their leader.

Inkovitch spoke English with no percep-

tible foreign accent, and boasted that he could speak three other languages with equal fluency, an accomplishment of which he was proud. When a boy of thirteen he had emigrated to America with his parents. Here he lived until he was twenty, when he drifted back again to his native land and entered the Russian Navy.

At the expiration of his enlistment he continued at sea as a sailor on merchant ships, until, as he boasted, he was caught with a group of Nihilists to whom he had attached himself, and was sentenced to a long term of servitude in Siberian mines. Two years later he escaped, and in disguise made his way back into Russia, took part in the assassination of a grand duke, stowed away in a British merchantman, and eventually returned to the United States.

This, at least, was the man's own story of his life. The crew generally looked upon him as a hero. The *Sky Pilot*, however, believed him a most ordinary criminal rather than the champion of liberty that he proclaimed himself to be, a measure of the man

based upon long observation of his ilk found in the United States. Daddy Tidd, too, held the man in supreme contempt. One day when Inkovitch had been relating his adventures to a group of admiring sailors, Daddy looked up and, in his quiet way, remarked:

"You've had a holdful of bad dreams in your day, Inkovitch. You sure can spin some yarns about 'em too. Tell the truth for once. Didn't they ship you over Siberia way for plain stealin'?"

"What do you mean by that?" asked Inkovitch, glowering at Daddy. "Don't you believe me? Do you mean to call me a thief?"

"Oh, I ain't saying how much of your yarn is true and how much of it ain't true," drawled Daddy, "but I reckon if your past life was put in dry dock the bottom would show up pretty foul."

Inkovitch arose and would have struck Daddy down but for the interference of the other sailors, with all of whom Daddy was a favorite. Inkovitch, however, never forgot the incident and never forgave Daddy.

It was a half-hour before Marx, Levine,

and Inkovitch returned to the deck, and when they did their faces were black enough. Al and Harry had no doubt they had, in the interval, examined the storeroom and discovered that it was empty.

There was no change, however, in the attitude of the men toward the officers, save perhaps an increased sullenness on the part of Inkovitch and Marx. But they did their work without protest or hint that anything unusual had taken place.

Levine was better able than the others to disguise his feelings, and before they were summoned to evening mess had assumed a decidedly cheerful exterior. Though he as well as his fellow-conspirators were doubtless aware that the Stowaways and Shanks, at least, were concerned in the removal of the arms from the forecastle and storeroom, Levine hailed Harry good-naturedly after supper, quite as though they were the best of friends:

"Too bad we lost that oil and bone, now wa'n't it? He were a fine one too. But we can't get 'em all, now, can we? That's what

I says. Might as well take things as they comes, that's me. They'll come anyhow, right and wrong, sometimes right and sometimes wrong. It's like pepper and salt, Harry. Take the ups and downs now and mix 'em with your day's work and they're the flavor, the downs just like the ups. That's my way. That's what I says. Just take things as they comes."

"It's a pretty good way," said Harry half convinced that after all Al had been mistaken in attaching Levine to the conspiracy.

"Mostly it is." Levine drew a plug of black tobacco from his pocket, cut a liberal piece with his jackknife, and tucked the piece into his left cheek. "Mostly it is, and I may say it is always. See you fellers, now. See how you Stowaways took what was handed out and said nothin', barrin' the first few days when the mate used his fist and Billings the rope end and Daddy doused you with a bucket o' cold water. It wa'n't right to treat you fellers that way, that's what I says. But you took it as it come. No barkin' or growlin' by you fellers. That shows you're made of

the right stuff. That's the way to take things, first and last. That's what I says."

"Yes," agreed Harry, "and the mate was right and so was Daddy. I've found it's a pretty good rule to stick with the officers and do your work and obey orders, and Daddy's one of my best friends now."

"I dunno. Daddy's a queer fish first and last." Levine shifted his quid. "You think he's your friend and maybe he is and maybe he ain't, now. You can't tell what Daddy's up to or where he stands. That's what I says. You can't tell nothin' about Daddy. He's deep, he is. He ain't open and aboveboard the way you and me is, now. If I likes a feller I likes him, and if I don't like a feller I don't; I'm agin' him, and I ups and tells him so square to his face. Yes, sir, square to his face. That's me, that is. Ain't that right, mate?"

"Yes?" said Harry with rising inflection.

"That's *me* now," emphasized Levine. "If I likes a feller I'm his friend first and last. There's no tackin' agin' the wind on't neither. I've told you Stowaways I likes you fellers,

and I stands by it. That's me. That's what I says, but I wants my friends to stand by me like I stands by them. That's square, now, ain't it, Harry?"

"Yes, that's square," agreed Harry.

"'Course 'tis," Levine spat over the rail. "But you can't tell where Daddy stands. Now the crew's gettin' sick of these waters. We has a cargo, and it's only right we goes back to civilized parts, and I don't know as anybody can blame 'em. I can't blame 'em. They wants to get home to spend the winter with their folks. They're right about it, too, that's what I says."

"But the captain can't go till we get a full cargo, and we won't have that till we make the winter's trade," observed Harry.

"That's it. That's it," continued Levine. "We've got more'n our average cargo now, and there's no need to stay for the winter trading. The old man's greedy if he stays for it. That's what I says, but I tries to make everybody satisfied to stay by the old man right or wrong. That's me. I stands with the officers when I can. The crew's gettin'

worked up over it though, and I don't know's I can keep 'em from doin' something rash, just to force the old man to go home. The crew's all friends of mine, and if it comes to a scrimmage, as like's not it will, I'll have to take a hand in it and stick with my friends. That's right, now. Stick by your friends. That's what I says."

"Do you mean mutiny?" asked Harry innocently enough, and quite as though it were all new to him.

"'Twouldn't be just what you calls mutiny, now," Levine rolled his quid with his tongue. "Not just that, but just enough scrap to make the old man see how the crew feels. I hate to help in it, but that's me. I won't go back on my friends if it comes to a fight, and you and Al better come in on't, Harry. That's my advice as a friend. That's what I says."

"Who is for it and who isn't?" asked Harry, to draw Levine on.

"All the crew's for it but the Sky Pilot," Levine winked his eye. "You know him. These religious fellers hain't got no guts. You know that, Harry. The Sky Pilot wouldn't

be agin' nothing, nor for nothin'. That's him. He's afraid he might get mixed up in a little friendly sort of fight with the officers, and they might hold it agin' him afterward, which they won't. They won't hold nothing agin' nobody. But you and Al ain't like that. You fellers are just full of grit and guts. I always did like you two fellers from the first time I sets eyes on you. That's me. I makes up my mind and sticks to it. The crew all likes you. They're your friends, and I says to 'em you ain't the kind of fellers to go back on your friends, not you. That's what I thinks of you and Al, and that's what I says to 'em. That's me, right out with what I thinks."

"Daddy Tidd isn't in it, is he?" asked Harry.

"Now he is and he ain't." Levine spat over the rail. "I hates to say anything agin' a shipmate. That's me. But Daddy don't stand square by his friends. He plays both ends of the rope. He's wantin' to see how we makes out, and if we has the best of it he's with us, and if he thinks we won't make out

he's agin' us. That's him. He's the friend of the strongest side, Daddy is. Friends don't count none with him. That's wrong, that's what I says."

"When do you expect to force the thing?" asked Harry.

"Oh, 'tain't me, it's the crew," protested Levine innocently. "It depends on them the way they feels. Likely in a few days, for they're gettin' restless and won't stand it to take a chance of stayin' in the ice another winter. They're right, too, that's what I says."

"Well," and Harry looked Levine in the face, "the captain is master of the ship. Al and I will stand by him. We want to go home as badly as anyone aboard, but we'll stand by the officers."

"You'd better think that over, Harry. I never thought you'd go back on your friends that way," said Levine with a shocked and sorrowful air. "You two are young fellers and I wants to help you do what's the right thing. We've got all the men, or leastways most of 'em, for goin' home, and the crew'll

have no trouble gettin' what they wants. If the officers and them with 'em don't give in easy it might go hard with 'em. I can't answer for my shipmates when they gets started. There's no tellin' what lengths they may go. They may get rough and hurt somebody bad. You fellers better think it over and stick with your friends. That's what I says. Think it over, now, Harry."

Levine walked away and Harry at the first opportunity sought Al to relate the conversation.

"And he's one of the worst of them!" exclaimed Al in disgust. "The arms are gone and they're afraid the officers may get the best of them. If they had us with them they'd be that much stronger. He didn't tell the truth about Daddy, either. Daddy's loyal and true blue as far as the officers and ship are concerned. That's a desperate bunch, and they'll stop at nothing."

CHAPTER IX

THE DISCUSSION IN THE CABIN

THERE was scarce breeze enough to fill the sails, and the following morning found the *Sea Lion* holding off land and well out to sea, with Cape Parry barely visible upon the eastern horizon.

With too little headway to counteract the drift of tide she was not to venture into the rock-bound harbor, where Captain Mugford had hoped to find an Eskimo encampment, until better conditions prevailed and sufficient sailing breeze should spring up to permit her to hold her course. The sea was calm, and the sun shone brilliantly.

"Wanted to settle those fellows today and end this mutiny at once, sir," announced Captain Mugford as he and his two mates sat down to breakfast. "Had it all planned last night. Decided to send most of 'em ashore, reef the sails of those aboard, and take care of the rest when they came back to the ship.

Man the vessel with Eskimos, if we had to. Can't do it now. Too bad there's no wind, but hope it'll freshen up a bit this afternoon. Don't like to delay! Don't like it! Want to do a thing and get it off my mind when I've made my plans for it!"

"Yes, it's too bad to have to delay it," agreed Mr. Jones. "Every hour's delay is dangerous now, but we can't help it till we get a breeze."

"Too many of 'em for us to handle if we take 'em all at once," commented Captain Mugford. "Have to wait a day till we can get some of 'em ashore and get 'em divided. Then we'll get 'em! Have 'em then where we want 'em!"

"You are wise, sir," agreed Mr. Jones. "If we can divide the gang, as you say, we can handle half of them at a time nicely. If our men were armed we might do it anyway, and I take it you will arm those that are with us at the proper time. I'm inclined to think that some of their gang, at least, carry revolvers and probably all of them have knives, and if that's the case they'd have the advan-

tage of us, for there are so many more of them. But we'll have to keep at sea and free from land till a breeze gives us headway, for there's no advantage in taking the risk of drifting on the rocks."

"It's bad to put the matter off, sir." Mr. Dugmore stroked his beard affectionately. "I fear bad luck is with us, sir. Thirteen men will bring bad luck to any ship, sir. You said you would count the cooper as a part of the deck crew, but he's still the cooper and not a seaman, and it doesn't help. There are still only the thirteen in the deck crew."

"Pish! Pish and fiddlesticks with your thirteen, Mr. Dugmore! Don't talk about 'em!" Captain Mugford broke in irritably.

"Very well, sir. It is a fact that cannot be remedied at this late date. We are aware of it, sir, and I agree with you that it is unnecessary to discuss it," said Mr. Dugmore with a degree of injured dignity. "It is unfortunate that you did not bring rifles into the cabin yesterday, sir, when there was a chance to do it without being seen and without causing the mutineers to be on their guard, sir. If

we attempt now to bring arms from the hold we shall have the whole gang on our heads before we can arm ourselves, for they are on the watch and will permit us to take no advantage, so to speak. I am sure you will agree with me, sir. But as I have said, sir, luck is against us. It will probably make little difference what we do, or what precautions we take at this late date, sir. This was destined from the beginning to be an unlucky and disastrous voyage. We tempted Fate, so to speak, sir, and those who tempt Fate are sure to pay the penalty in the end."

"Pish! Pish and fiddlesticks! Tempted nothing!" Captain Mugford was quite out of patience. "I'm tired of this thirteen and bad luck talk, sir! We've had a fine voyage, sir! You should overcome your foolish superstitions! That's what they are, sir, foolish! That's what they are, sir, foolish! Foolish! Thirteen is as lucky as any number, sir! Yes, sir, as lucky as seven or eleven or six or fourteen! We can make any number unlucky, sir, if we give up to it. Foolish! Foolish superstition!"

"I've watched them, sir, and I've seen the way they always end." Mr. Dugmore shook his head solemnly as he accepted a bowl of porridge, which the captain had dished up while he talked. "They're not superstitions, sir, as some folks think. They're signs and warnings given us by Divine Providence. I've made a study of 'em all my life, sir."

"Pish! Pish! Pish!" exclaimed Captain Mugford. "Wasted your time if you have, sir! Wasted your time if you've spent it studying superstitions."

Mr. Dugmore was now too deeply engrossed in his porridge to continue the argument, and Mr. Jones asked:

"I understand that we shall take no action with the mutineers, sir, until a breeze permits us to put into harbor?"

"No, sir, no action. Make as little trouble for ourselves as possible. Handle part of 'em at a time, and not have the whole crew upon us at once," explained Captain Mugford. "When we get to our anchorage send Levine and Marx with four men in a whaleboat to get water. When they are ashore we can take

care of Inkovitch and the rest of 'em aboard. We'll put Inkovitch and Johnson in irons! Put all of 'em in irons if we have to! Then when Levine and Marx come aboard with their gang we'll settle them! Polish 'em off that way, sir, with no trouble and no danger. No trouble at all, sir! I'll show 'em! By the seven seas, I'll show 'em! Scum of the sea! That's what they are, scum of the sea! I'll show 'em, sir! I'll have no mutiny on my ship!"

"We can't keep 'em in irons all winter, sir," suggested Mr. Dugmore.

"Will if we have to! Yes, sir, will if we have to!" Captain Mugford scowled. "They'll cool off when winter comes. Won't have to keep 'em in irons. Decide that, sir, when we get things straightened out. We'll know what to do with 'em when the time comes."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Jones, "the first thing to do is to put an end to the mutiny."

"Exactly! Exactly! Now I have an idea for the winter trade," said Captain Mugford, changing the subject suddenly, as though he

had already disposed of the mutiny. "We'll set Shanks and the Stowaways up in business at Etah. Fine place for trade. They'll meet all the northern Eskimos at Etah. Old explorers' shack there, and we'll build it over for 'em. Fix 'em up fine, and snug, with goods to trade with the Eskimos, and plenty of grub and coal. They'll pick up a lot of blue foxes and bearskins and ivory. What do you think of it, Mr. Jones? How does that strike you, Mr. Dugmore?"

"They're young, sir, and it's a great responsibility," and Mr. Jones shook his head skeptically. "I wouldn't want it said that I favored leaving those three lads alone with the Eskimos for a winter, sir, if anything happened to 'em. It's a job for the best men we have, and besides, sir, with the trouble we're having with the crew they'll be needed aboard."

"Mr. Jones is quite right, sir. If, by chance, sir, our ill luck does not put us in the hands of the mutineers, so to speak, and we overcome them, sir, we shall need the lads aboard," ventured Mr. Dugmore.

"Pish and fiddlesticks!" Captain Mugford exclaimed impatiently. "We'll fix the crew safe enough. Man the ship with Eskimos if we have to. Yes, sir, with Eskimos! Those lads can take care of themselves and the trade. Remember how they shifted for themselves and made up with the Eskimos last winter? Remember, sir? Remarkable! Remarkable, sir! Had to make their own shelter and hunt their grub! Made a good hunt on top of it. Remarkable! Drove a good bargain with me for their pelts, too, the rascals!" Captain Mugford chuckled at the recollection. "Great lads, those! Yes, sir, great lads!"

"Yes, sir, they did pretty well," admitted Mr. Jones.

"Pretty well! They did well, sir, remarkably well! You couldn't have done so well yourself! Not a man on the ship could have done so well, sir! Billings and Manuel, with all the grub they stole perished!"

"Nevertheless it's a risk, sir," Mr. Jones insisted. "Luck was with them. They may not do so well a second time."

"Pish! Pish and fiddlesticks! Pish, I say,

sir! Pish!" Captain Mugford pounded his fist on the table impatiently. "'Twasn't luck, sir! No, sir, 'twasn't luck! There's no such thing as luck. It was ability and ingenuity. They had no grub, no fuel, no shelter, but they found a way to get 'em. That's ability, sir, ability! This year they'll have a good shelter, stove, plenty of fuel and grub. They can't fail, sir. Don't you see the difference? Plain as the nose on your face, sir! Yes, sir, plain as the nose on your face!"

"I see the way you look at it, sir," Mr. Jones admitted diplomatically.

"It's my opinion, sir, that it'll not make much difference in the end whether the lads are on the ship or with the Eskimos," ventured Mr. Dugmore as he finished his porridge. "We're in an unhappy position, so to speak. Luck is against us, sir. All the signs point that way, sir."

"Pish! Pish!" Captain Mugford exploded. "As I've said a hundred times, it's the luckiest voyage we ever had! There is no such thing as bad luck! No luck anyhow! No good luck or bad luck! It's ingenuity and resource-

fulness that counts, sir. You're sinking the ship and drowning us all about every day, sir! About every day! Every day! Cheer up! Cheer up, sir!"

Mr. Dugmore by force of habit declined to "cheer up," but a plate of fried ham and eider duck eggs which Captain Mugford passed him served temporarily to quiet his apprehensions of disaster, and to occupy his attention to the exclusion of further comment, and he again lapsed into gloomy silence.

"Send Shanks and the Stowaways down at once, sir. I'll talk to 'em about spending the winter at Etah," directed Captain Mugford when breakfast was finished.

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Jones as he and Mr. Dugmore mounted to the deck.

CHAPTER X

"SURRENDER THE SHIP!"

CAPTAIN MUGFORD was pacing impatiently up and down the cabin when Al, Harry, and Shanks presented themselves in response to his summons.

"Here you are! Here you are!" he exclaimed. "Come in! Come in! Want to talk with you! How you feeling?"

"We're feeling fine and fit, sir!" said Al, who usually acted as spokesman.

"Strong as water bears, sir!" grinned Shanks.

"That's good! That's good! Got a job for you three!" Captain Mugford took a turn up and down the cabin. "Sit down! You can hear just as well if you sit! What you standing for? Can't talk to you while you stand there like three ninnies! Sit down, I say!"

The three seated themselves, grinning.

"You Stowaways have grown into regular huskies, you rascals. Did you good to knock about with the Eskimos last winter. Whaling's good for you. Getting to be seamen, too. Glad of it! Glad of it! Made men of you. Ready for some good hard work?"

"Yes, sir," said Al. "We're ready for whatever comes along."

"How are they feeling down forward this morning? Hear anything new?" the captain suddenly asked.

"Inkovitch and Marx look ugly. Levine doesn't show his feelings. They've got the others in a pretty sullen mood, but we haven't heard anything new, and they're all about the same as yesterday," said Al.

"Some of 'em looks as if they've been swallerin' bluin'," grinned Shanks. "I guess Inkovitch and his crowd have been givin' the other fellers some pretty good doses, and they're gettin' blue and homesick. Some men wouldn't be satisfied if they was fed punkin pie three times a day."

"I'll show 'em! I'll show 'em they can't

mutiny on my ship!" exploded the captain. "How do you lads feel about it? Do you want to go home?"

"Of course we're anxious to go home," said Al, "but we know you will do what is right and best, and that it won't be right to go home this year."

"We're having a ripping good time," Harry ventured, "but home will look good to us when we get there."

"Kinder surprise my folks if I came walk-in' in this fall," said Shanks as the captain turned to him for an expression. "Me and Spuds are all right down in the galley. We're goin' to stick by you and the ship like hot tar."

"Good! Good!" Captain Mugford beamed. "Like to hear that kind of talk! All of us want to go home! Can't go now! Can't go till our work is done! Owners pay us to make the best voyage we can in two years. Have our biggest trade the second winter. I'd deserve to have my ship and license taken from me if I returned now. Yes, deserve that at least! Men are articted for two years and

they'll stay! By the seven seas, they'll stay! We'll all stay!"

"Yes, sir," ventured Al.

"Good winter's job for you three! Good job!" The captain seated himself. "Going to build a shack at Etah. Know where that is? Several leagues farther north than we are now. Put a stove in the shack and stow her with coal, provisions, and trading goods. Stow the shack I mean, not the stove! Stow the shack. Put you three rascals in charge. Expect you to make a good trade with the Eskimos. Give you instructions later, after we settle this mutiny. Raise your wages. Lonely job and worth it. How do you like that?"

"I'm game for it, sir," agreed Al.

"It'll be bully!" exclaimed Harry.

"Me, too," said Shanks. "But 'twon't be any puddin' of a job, sir, and I reckon it's worth a middlin' good raise of wages."

"Very well! That's settled between us then. Good! Talk to you about it later. Fix up everything in a few days. Glad you like the idea. Glad you like it!" Captain Mugford was never in better humor.

"How much more wages do we get, sir?" asked Shanks, his Yankee instinct for bargaining asserting himself.

"Pish! Pish and fiddlesticks! Don't bother me about wages now. Yes, you're right. May as well settle the wages now. Better understand about it in the beginning. You're getting ten dollars a month now. Pay you fifteen."

"Twenty!" Shanks grinned. "It's worth every cent of twenty a month, sir."

"Pish! Pish and fiddlesticks! Too much! Too much! Easy time up there at Etah. Do nothing but eat and sleep. Tell you what I'll do. If you work and trap fur I'll buy it at same price I paid you last year."

"Yes, sir, we'll trap fur and sell it to you at the same price, only it's worth more, but," insisted Shanks, "we want twenty dollars a month wages, too."

"It's worth it, sir," ventured Al.

"Pish! Pish! But just to be rid of you I'll pay it. Very well! Very well! Twenty dollars a month!"

"Of course you'll pay us a percentage on

what we get in trade too, sir," grinned Shanks. "That's the reg'lar thing."

"Pish! Pish! You robbers! Didn't I tell you to get out of here? What do you want? Want the ship and her cargo? Pay you five per cent on what you trade. Go on now! Get out of here!"

"You mean five per cent for each of us, sir? Fifteen per cent altogether?" Shanks asked with apparent innocence.

"Pish! Pish and fiddlesticks! Five per cent for all of you! Divide five per cent amongst you!"

"Make it ten per cent, sir!" Shanks' grin was infectious, and Al and Harry joined in it.

"Very well! Very well! Anything to get rid of you! Ten per cent then! Highway robbers, the three of you! Highway robbers! Get out of here now! Get above decks!"

Captain Mugford's eyes twinkled humorously as the three lads left him. He was well pleased with the interview.

"That's the way with the old man," remarked Shanks under his breath as they ascended the companionway stairs. "He likes

to have a feller drive a bargain with him. He expected to pay us that all the time. Would have paid it anyway like's not. I guess we'll make out all right up at Etah."

Al was in advance, and as he stepped out upon the deck he paused for a moment in bewildered astonishment. The crew were gathered about the foremast, and Mr. Jones and Mr. Dugmore, in a defensive attitude, stood amidships facing them. Inkovitch, in an angry voice, was demanding the surrender of the vessel.

"What we want is to go home. We got a cargo, and we ain't goin' to stay in the ice another winter," shouted a sailor from the rear of the group.

"We want the surrender of the ship, and we'll 'tend to that," demanded Inkovitch.

"Go down forward every man of you!" commanded the mate in cold, even tones. "This is mutiny!"

"Tell the captain! Tell the captain it's on, Harry! Tell him to hurry!" Al directed as Harry reached the top of the companionway stairs, and Harry obediently hurried below to

summon Captain Mugford, while Al and Shanks ran forward to the support of Mr. Jones and Mr. Dugmore. At that instant Inkovitch drew a revolver and fired upon the two officers and the lads.

CHAPTER XI

THE DEFENSE OF THE SHIP

AS INKOVITCH fired, and nearly simultaneously with the report of his revolver, the Sky Pilot's fist, like a sledge hammer, caught him under the jaw and the Russian crumpled where he stood. When he dropped, his hand shot up spasmodically and the revolver flew from his grasp and fell at the feet of Daddy Tidd. Levine sprang for it, but Daddy was on the alert and kicked it into the scuppers out of reach, and in old-time sailor fashion, without further provocation, hit the nearest man a wallop. The next instant the deck was a scene of wild riot.

Al and Shanks were in the midst of the fight. Men were cursing and striking and kicking one another in fierce frenzy. Mr. Dugmore, bellowing with rage, charged the mutineers like a grenadier, striking right and left. Mr. Jones was caught unaware by a

blow from Ole Johnson, the Swede, which stretched him on the deck and put him out of the fight, but immediately an uppercut from the Sky Pilot's fist laid Ole unconscious by Mr. Jones' side.

At that moment Marx, the German, made a lunge at Al with a long dirk. Al sprang aside, but not quickly enough to avoid a cut in the left arm. Marx made another lunge at him, but Al seized the man's hand, and with a twist of the wrist, a trick he had learned at school, forced the German to drop the knife. Then they closed, and as they swayed across the deck, Al realized that his enemy was dragging him to the rail with the evident intention of throwing him into the sea.

Marx was a larger, stronger man by far than Al, and in a struggle of this kind had a decided advantage, though Al's greater agility to some extent overcame his handicap of strength and size. Presently Al felt the German's fingers in a vicelike grip upon his throat, his eyes bulged, the world was turning black before him and he felt himself



The Sky Pilot's fist, like a sledge hammer, caught the Russian under the jaw

being lifted. Suddenly the grip upon his throat relaxed and he sank upon the deck.

It required but a moment for Al's head to clear, and he saw Marx stretched at full length with blood pouring over his face from an ugly scalp wound. Shanks with a marlinespike in his hand was standing over the prostrate German.

"He most had you, Al!" panted Shanks, whose face and clothes were bloody from a blow he had received on the nose. "I gave him a wallop of this marlinespike about the right minute!"

At this instant the voice of Captain Muford, like the roar of a mad bull, burst upon them, and as Al staggered to his feet he saw the captain and Harry running down the deck. Both were armed with big revolvers as they rushed to the attack from one side, while at the other side of the battlefield the rotund figure of Spuds, clad in his white apron and brandishing a carving knife, was emerging from the galley and yelling like a wild Apache.

But the fight, which had lasted less than

three minutes, was at an end. Mr. Jones and Daddy Tidd, bloody and dazed, were sitting upon the deck, together with several of the mutineers including Inkovitch and Levine, the latter another victim of the Sky Pilot's fist. Mr. Dugmore, oblivious of the fact that the fight had been won, was astride a big fellow, pounding him with his fists and whooping with joy while the sailor howled for mercy. Marx had not stirred. Two of the mutineers, weak from punishment, were still on their feet but with no further desire to fight.

"Mutiny! Mutiny, will you?" thundered Captain Mugford in a great rage. "Mutiny on my ship! Haven't I treated you well? Haven't I fed you? Don't I pay the highest wages and the biggest bonus? And then you mutiny! You pirates! *Pirates!* Yes, *pirates*, and you'll be handled as pirates deserve! You sculpin! You spew of the sea! You whelps of she wolves!"

Inkovitch, still groggy from the Sky Pilot's blow, was rising to his feet.

"He fired on us, sir, and would have killed

some of us, but the Sky Pilot knocked him down," said Shanks through swollen lips.

"Put him in irons!" roared Captain Mugford. "Put him in irons! In irons, I say! I know him! He's the leader of this gang of pirates! I'll talk to the others later! I'll get to the bottom of this! I'll make 'em suffer! By the ghost of Jonah's whale, I will! Put that pirate in irons, I say!"

"It was not to kill! It was to scare that I fired! It was only to make the ship go home! Don't put me in irons, sir! I'm not a pirate!" pleaded Inkovitch.

"Pish and fiddlesticks!" bellowed Captain Mugford. "Pish! Don't tell me you didn't shoot to kill, you pirate! Pirate! That's what you are! Handle your case later! Won't have pirates on my ship!"

"The Sky Pilot and Daddy saved the day, so to speak, with the assistance of Al and Shanks," suggested Mr. Dugmore generously, at the same time releasing his victim, the sailor, and rising to his feet, as Inkovitch, under the direction of Mr. Jones was marched away by the Sky Pilot to be put in

irons. "Yes, sir, saved the day, so to speak. I may say that the Sky Pilot was as good as four men, sir. He gave evidence of being a pugilist, which quite astonished me. The rest of us would have been overcome, sir, if it had not been for the Sky Pilot. These ruffians would have taken the ship and killed us all, sir, if it had not been for the Sky Pilot's remarkable pugilistic skill, and the good work which Daddy did."

"'Twan't much I done," protested Daddy. "Mr. Dugmore and the Sky Pilot done the job, sir."

"You proved yourself a good fighter, an excellent fighter," insisted Mr. Dugmore. "I admit that I had a part in punishing two or three of them. Long Hank, there," indicating the sailor he had just been pommeling, "is strong but clumsy. I can chastise him easily. The Sky Pilot handled the difficult ones. He has a swing and a wallop that is beautiful. His uppercut puts 'em to sleep every time, sir. If we can get rid of the leaders and reduce the crew from thirteen, sir, our luck may change. I am satisfied it

will, sir. I am quite cheered at the prospect, so to speak."

"Pish! Pish with your thirteen!" Captain Mugford exclaimed impatiently. "Other things to think of! We'll take care of this gang of pirates! We'll have no more mutiny here if we have to throw every man of 'em overboard! Get 'em together now and search 'em! Search the fo'c's'le! I'll talk to 'em! I'll get to the bottom of this!"

Marx, stretched upon the deck, had been quite overlooked in the confusion, but now Al threw a bucket of water over him and he was sufficiently restored to join the mutineers, who, sullen, dazed, battered and bloody were lined up at the foremast for the inquisition. Captain Mugford and Harry, armed with revolvers, and Spuds, still with his carving knife, stood guard, while Al, Shanks, and Daddy under the direction of Mr. Dugmore, searched for weapons.

No firearms were found save the revolver used by Inkovitch, and nothing more dangerous than the usual sailors' clasp knives, with the exception of the dirk which Marx had

drawn on Al and one which Levine had attempted to use but which he dropped upon the deck at the beginning of the fight when the Sky Pilot knocked him down.

"Whose dirks are those? Whose are they?" demanded Captain Mugford.

"Franz Marx had one of 'em, sir," volunteered Shanks. "He tried to use her on Al, but Al made him drop it, and then I laid Marx out with a marlinespike."

"Drew a knife! Tried to do murder on my ship! The scum of the sea! 'Tend to his case later! Put him in irons!"

"I did not vonce draw the knife," Marx protested. "I had it mit my pelt like it ess always, und in the fight it fell down. I would not use a knife to hurt anypody, sir!"

"He had it in his hand, sir, and tried his darndest to stick it in Al, and was aimin' to throw Al overboard, too," insisted Shanks.

"This is a cut he gave me with the knife before I made him drop it," and Al exhibited his rent and bloody sleeve.

"I have no remembering ever of the knife in my hand," protested Marx. "I would not

use a knife to hurt anypody. It vos somedings else yet what hurt Al in the arm."

"Put him in irons!" commanded Captain Mugford.

"I vill no longer pe of the—vat you call him—mit the gang," pleaded the panic-stricken German. "I vill pe mit the crew a goot sailor, und you do not put me in irons mit Inkovitch, sir. I am through mit mutiny, und I vill pe alreaty a goot sailor un do vat ees right. I vas made mit the others to go mit the fight, und I vas afraid not to go."

Pacing up and down before the culprits while Marx made his plea, Captain Mugford had kept ominously silent. Now, turning upon Marx in a frenzy of rage, he exploded in an almost inarticulate blast of invectives. At length, for lack of breath, he paused for a moment and glared at the cowering German, looking much like a lion about to spring upon it's prey and rend it to pieces.

"Be good!" he continued after a moment. "Be good! You devilfish! You red-handed pirate! Pish! Pish! Pish! You'd cut my throat now, if you had the chance! You'd

cut the throat of every man aboard! You yellow pirate, you'd cut 'em! Yes, you'd cut 'em if you could! But you won't have the chance! I wouldn't trust you to swab the deck! You even desert your own pirate crew to save your yellow skin! Put him in irons! Put that man in irons, I say! Take him out of my sight before I heave him overboard!"

As Al and Daddy led the cringing Marx away, Captain Mugford asked:

"Who had that other knife? Who had it, I say? Who is the other man that tried to do murder on my ship?"

"Levine, sir, but he didn't have a chance to use it," answered the Sky Pilot.

"Levine! Another of this gang of pirate leaders! I know all about him! I know! Put him in irons! Put him in irons, I say!" exploded Captain Mugford.

"I wasn't usin' a knife, sir," protested Levine. "I tries to have the men do right, I does. I says to 'em, 'the cap'n'll do what's right by us, men, he will.' That's what I says. I never did any of the fightin', sir, not me. I was out to try to stop 'em, sir. Stand by the

cap'n and the ship, that's what I says. That's me, square for what's right all the time. I never raised a hand to fight, sir."

"He didn't have a chance to do any of the fighting," broke in Mr. Dugmore. "I saw him draw the knife, sir, and before he could use it the Sky Pilot put him to sleep, so to speak, with an uppercut on the left jaw. It was a beautiful wallop, sir, as pretty as I ever saw. That's what's the matter with his face, sir. It surely was a beautiful wallop, sir. A fine expression of the pugilistic art, so to speak, an art of which, I may say, the Sky Pilot is master."

"Put him in irons!" commanded the captain. "Take him out of my sight! Can't stand the sight of the pirate! Makes me mad! Take him away, I say!"

Harry and Shanks were detailed to deliver Levine to Mr. Jones.

The wheel had been abandoned when the fight began, and the *Sea Lion* was drifting. When Al and Daddy presently returned after assisting Mr. Jones to put Marx in irons, Al was directed by Mr. Dugmore to bring the

vessel up to her course. Captain Mugford retired to the cabin, instructing Mr. Dugmore to bring the remaining mutineers aft, one by one, to be questioned, and to ask Mr. Jones to join him in the cabin when Levine, the last of the leaders, was securely placed in irons.

CHAPTER XII

OLE JOHNSON'S CONFESSION

ONE by one the seven men not in irons were conducted to the cabin by Mr. Dugmore, and questioned searchingly by Captain Mugford and the mate.

Though the conversation between Marx and Levine which Al had overheard while in the storeroom and later reported to the officers, had identified the leaders of the mutiny, the fact of their leadership, and the extent of the conspiracy, was now fully brought out and verified.

It appeared from the testimony that Inkovitch, Marx, and Ole Johnson, the only foreigners in the crew, as well as Levine, had been closely associated in a conspiracy with Billings and Manuel, the two men who had perished the previous fall, and Ole himself made a complete and willing confession.

He stated that Billings had been the orig-

inal leader of the pirates, and that it was indeed a pirate band organized to capture the ship and cargo, and if necessary in the accomplishment of this object to kill the officers and such members of the crew as did not belong to their band.

Ole stated that he first met Inkovitch on the water front in New Bedford. With other sailors he had been drinking. A fight occurred and a man was killed. While Ole had taken no part in the murder, and indeed, as he said, was not immediately present at the time it occurred, Inkovitch informed him that the sailors accused him of it, and that he would be arrested and held responsible if caught by the police, who were looking for him. At the same time, Inkovitch offered to hide him and find a berth for him on a whaler, where he would be quite safe when once out of port. Ole placed himself in the hands of Inkovitch, and was thus drawn, by fear, into the pirate band.

Inkovitch and Billings were at this time organizing their band. All members of the band were to find berths on the same vessel,

and it was hoped that they would be strong enough to capture at will whatever vessel they shipped on at whatever time they desired. Originally the band consisted of Inkovitch, Marx, Levine, Billings, Manuel, a Spaniard, Dubinsky, a Russian, and Hertzog, a German, with Ole added as a recruit.

When the *Sea Lion* was signing on her crew, the entire band, all experienced sailors and some of them whalers, applied for berths and were accepted. On the day before the *Sea Lion* sailed, Hertzog was arrested in New Bedford for robbery, and Dubinsky was taken suddenly ill and removed to a hospital, and the vessel therefore sailed without these two. Then it happened that Billings and Manuel went adrift on the ice and were lost, and the pirate band was four men short of its original numbers.

At the close of the first season in the Arctic they were to have confiscated arms from the cargo, seized the ship, murdered or sent adrift the officers and those of the crew not in sympathy with them, repaint, rename, and thoroughly disguise the *Sea Lion* and sail her into

a Spanish or Portugese port where Manuel was to have negotiated a sale of vessel and cargo through people with whom he had dealt previously.

The band had been so seriously weakened, however, through the loss of the four men that it had not seemed advisable to carry out their original plan. They were aware that the capture of the ship, and the navigation of it if captured, would be difficult if not impossible without assistance.

Inkovitch, who was a professed anarchist, had taken command of the band upon the death of Billings. Under his direction a systematic attempt was made to create a feeling of dissatisfaction among those of the crew that they believed would respond. All remaining members of the crew were Americans. Of these they had not succeeded in influencing the Sky Pilot, Daddy, Al, Harry, Shanks, and Spuds.

The others, naturally prone to discontent after the manner of men long confined to a ship with no other association than their fellow-workers, gradually responded to the sug-

gestion that the ship had a sufficiently full cargo and there was no good reason why they should remain in the Arctic seas through another long and trying winter. They were at first reluctant to risk arrest for mutiny upon reaching New Bedford, but specious arguments quieted this fear, and the men agreed to take part in the demonstration with the belief that it was simply to induce the captain to return home.

Ole explained that it was the intention of Inkovitch during the fight to kill the officers and loyal members of the crew. This would render the American mutineers equally liable at home with Inkovitch and his gang, and it was believed that rather than face an accusation of murder the men would join readily enough in the scheme to steal the ship and cargo.

Though the Americans had insisted at the outset that no arms should be used and that they would only go as far as fists would carry them, Marx and Levine had stolen rifles and ammunition from the storeroom, and it was the discovery that these had been removed

from the fore-castle that hastened the action of the morning, in order that they might take the officers by surprise and forestall any action the captain may have planned. They had also missed the revolvers belonging to Marx and Levine, and four dirks. Ole was certain that if these revolvers had not been confiscated murder would have been done, for both Levine and Marx were adept with them.

The American mutineers were primed with liquor by Levine that morning and, awaiting his opportunity, Inkovitch had ordered the attack at a time when the captain, Shanks, Al, and Harry were below in the cabin, with the expectation that the others would be overcome before the captain and the lads could join forces with them.

"I ban drunk when I join the man Inkovitch, sir," explained Ole. "He ban get me drunk and have me sign a paper which say I kill the man, and I never was there to the place he ban killed. He say he ban have me arrested if I don't come and do as he say. On the ship he ban tell me he will kill me if I squeal to the officers, and Marx and Levine

will also kill me unless I ban stick for the fight that I never wanted. I would not use the revolver Inkovitch ban give me to kill the mate. I ban leave it in my bunk in the fore-castle. If you ban go and look he is there now. If you ban hang me, sir, it is right to hang me soon for I was afraid to squeal to you when it ban right I squeal."

"Pish and fiddlesticks! I won't hang you, Ole, if you'll promise not to get drunk again as long as you live." Captain Mugford, upon getting at the truth of the conspiracy, and satisfied that the three chief conspirators were caught, was regaining his good humor.

"I ban promise you that, sir!" said Ole heartily.

A search of the fore-castle had already revealed the revolver in Ole's bunk. His explanation of its presence was most satisfactory and strengthened his position with Captain Mugford, and he was sent back to duty with a reprimand and caution to pick his company more carefully in future.

The other mutineers were ashamed and contrite enough for the part they had taken

in the fight, and they were vastly angry with Inkovitch and Marx when they learned that these men had hoodwinked them and made them the victims of an anarchistic and piratical conspiracy. They had, it was evident, intended nothing more than to force the ship home before her mission was ended, and blinded by the arguments of the leaders, who had taken advantage of the general restlessness, they had joined in the fight.

Crestfallen and ashamed, every man of the crew was glad, indeed, to return to his duties carrying with him a feeling of intense loyalty to Captain Mugford, who, all the men felt, was more than generous in refraining from subjecting them to well-deserved punishment, and for his added assurance that no charge against them for their part in the mutiny would be made to render them liable to the authorities upon their return home.

The ship was on her course again and everything going smoothly, with nothing save cuts and bruises to remind of the desperate struggle that had taken place on the deck that morning. When Captain Mugford with his

mate and second mate sat down to supper that evening the captain was in high good humor.

"Well! Well, we were lucky!" he remarked as he served the officers. "Lucky, I say! Got to the bottom of the trouble and no harm done. Caught the three piratical scoundrels in their own net. In their own net! What do you think of that, Mr. Jones?"

"I think they'd have got us, sir, if it hadn't been for that sky pilot down forward," said Mr. Jones. "He's a fighter! I never knew a sky pilot before that was worth his salt in a scrimmage, but he's as good as any four men, and he's the best sailor we've got, except Daddy."

"Fine fellow! Fine fellow!" agreed the captain with a chuckle. "Never saw anything finer than the way he was laying those fellows out with his fist when I came on deck. Sometimes these mild, gentle sort of fellows are the best when they get started. Don't blow much, but usually all sand. No use for a blower! Don't like 'em! Don't like 'em!"

"He is an able man, sir. I may say a remarkable man, so to speak. Quite an unusual

man in many respects," Mr. Dugmore volunteered.

"Yes, so he is! So he is!" Captain Mugford grinned. "But I believe he is classed by you as an omen of bad luck, Mr. Dugmore. Bad luck, wasn't it, sky pilots and thirteens?"

"It is hard to believe that he is a sky pilot, sir," parried Mr. Dugmore. "No sky pilot could reef a sail or splice a rope or fight the way he does, sir. I believe, sir, we have misjudged him in classing him as a sky pilot. It was a misapprehension, so to speak."

"How about thirteen in the deck crew now? How about that, sir?" There was a twinkle in Captain Mugford's eyes. "Only ten now! Does that end the bad luck of your thirteens?"

"I am inclined to believe it does, sir," grinned Mr. Dugmore, not oblivious of the fact that the captain was having sport at his expense. "Those three prisoners are no longer a part of the crew, I believe. They are outcasts, so to speak."

Captain Mugford indulged in a guffaw, in which the other officers, now in excellent humor, joined, though mildly.

"What are we to do with those fellows, sir?" asked Mr. Jones when the captain's meriment was satisfied. "We can't keep 'em in irons all winter, and we can't turn 'em loose with the crew."

"We'll let 'em cool their heels! Let 'em cool their heels!" said the captain. "After we leave the lads at Etah we'll put 'em ashore somewhere south between Etah and Westenholm Sound. Leave 'em grub and let 'em shift with the Eskimos for the winter. Cool their heels that way! Pick 'em up next summer and turn 'em over to Uncle Sam when we get home. He'll take care of 'em! He'll handle 'em! Give 'em a good long job breaking stones, somewhere! Good for 'em! Good for 'em to break stones! Fine exercise for their kind! Keep 'em out of mischief!"

"But they may perish if we leave them that way," Mr. Jones objected.

"No danger! Have to work and keep at it if they live with Eskimos. Good thing to keep 'em busy. Give 'em their fill of hard work— What's that rumpus? What's that

rumpus on deck, sir?" Captain Mugford suddenly exclaimed, springing to his feet.

Mr. Jones and Mr. Dugmore were also on their feet. There was the rumble of angry voices above decks. Something serious was happening.

"Sounds like another fight!" exclaimed Mr. Jones, as the three armed themselves with revolvers and dashed for the companionway stairs.

CHAPTER XIII

LYNCH LAW

A SCENE of confusion that bid fair to end in another pitched battle met the eyes of Captain Mugford and his two mates when they reached the deck.

The three prisoners had been dragged up from below decks, and sailors who had previously accepted them as leaders, and had taken part in the morning mutiny, were now cursing and kicking and beating them unmercifully, while the Sky Pilot, Daddy Tidd, Al, Harry, and Shanks were endeavoring to protect the helpless men from the infuriated mob, and Spuds, brandishing a frying pan, was adding to the confusion by hurling dire threats at everybody who should attempt to do anything he should not do. Inkovitch and Marx were begging piteously for mercy, while Levine swore defiantly and copiously.

Captain Mugford, in a great rage, dashed

into the group of angry sailors, and handling them as he would have handled a mob of squabbling schoolboys, scattered them and ordered them to stand back from the cringing and frightened prisoners.

"What's this? What's this? Another mutiny?" he thundered. "Hands off these men! They're my prisoners! Hands off, I say! Put you all in irons! Every man of you! Every man of you!"

"We ban going to beat them up and heave them overboard," explained Ole Johnson stoically, when quiet had been restored. "They ban bring us in trouble and bad luck to ask us that we mutiny."

"They tried to make murderers of us all, drat their hides! They ain't fit to live!" shouted one of the men excitedly.

"They're surely not fit to die," argued the Sky Pilot.

"They're Reds! They're anarchists! They were going to murder us all when we captured the vessel for them! They're thieves and murderers!" shouted another.

"The only way to treat 'em right is to heave

'em overboard and be done with 'em!" volunteered another.

"We won't stay on the ship all winter with them aboard!" threatened a sailor.

"Let us at 'em, sir! Let us heave 'em overboard!" plead another.

The situation was apparent to Captain Mugford at once, and he sympathized with his men. They had revolted against their former leaders upon learning that these leaders had hoodwinked and deceived them concerning the true motive of the mutiny. They had supposed that they had simply taken part in a demonstration to compel the return of the *Sea Lion* to New Bedford. They had expected no more dangerous weapons would be used than fists. From the sailors' point of view it was to have been more or less a friendly affair, ending perhaps in a broken head or two. The revolver used by Inkovitch, and the dirks by Marx and Levine, had opened their eyes to the deception practiced upon them. The story of the conspiracy, as told the men by Ole Johnson, when he was free from fear of

punishment at the hands of Inkovitch and Marx, had revealed to them the true object and depth of the plot.

After the fight they had talked the matter over among themselves, and worked themselves into a frenzy of resentment and rage. This had reached a point where they demanded revenge, and the only revenge that occurred to them as adequate, was the immediate death of the men that they now, in a revulsion of feeling, looked upon not only as personal enemies but enemies of society in general. In this state of mind they had attempted to resort to the disgraceful and unhappy remedy of lynch law, the law of the lawless and unreasoning mob, impatient of the necessarily long delay before the accused criminals could be brought before a court of justice, and by regular and legal methods be condemned to expiate their crime.

"I'll take care of 'em! I'll promise you that!" Captain Mugford assured in a conciliatory and sympathetic tone. "They'll wish they'd *been* heaved overboard before I get through with 'em! They'll wish they

had, everyone of 'em! They'll wish it! Take 'em below, now! Don't hurt 'em! Keep 'em safe! We'll handle 'em! We'll see to that, men! See to that in fine shape! There's worse punishment than drowning!"

"The old man'll do it, too!" said someone.

"We'll leave 'em to you, sir," promised another.

"Yes, we'll leave 'em to the cap'n, he'll fix 'em! He says he will, and by hickory he'll do it!" said another.

"Cap'n," said a big sailor stepping forward, "we're goin' to stick by you and the ship after this. We've got clean over wantin' to go home this fall. There wouldn't have been any trouble in the start off if it hadn't been for them there pirates. We want you to know that we're with you from this on. We'll stand square on that, sir."

"Yes! Yes, to be sure!" beamed Captain Mugford. "Don't doubt it! Trust you all. Forget what's happened, now, and we'll finish up the voyage in shipshape. We'll make a good one of it for all of us. Best we

ever had! Yes, best we ever had! We'll all pull together for it!"

"Three cheers for Cap'n Mugford! The best whalin' cap'n that ever walked a deck!" someone called, and the cheers were given with a will.

"All right, men! All right! Thank you, men! Thank you!" Captain Mugford fairly exuded good humor. "Take the prisoners below, now. No man interfere with 'em! I'll depend on you, now!"

"We'll leave 'em for you to handle, sir!" a tall sailor promised, and the others shouted assent, as the prisoners were again taken below.

"We settled that all right! Settled that rumpus! No more trouble! All settled!" said the captain in high good humor when he and Mr. Jones and Mr. Dugmore were again seated at table to finish their supper in peace and quiet.

A breeze had sprung up, and that evening the *Sea Lion* rounded Cape Parry and anchored in a quiet harbor. As the anchor dropped, a dozen kayaks shot out from the

shore and paddled alongside, and the dusky, long-haired, fur-clad hunters clambered aboard. They were old friends, and two of them Shanks, Harry, and Al had traveled and hunted with the previous winter, Kuglutook and Chevik by name. The others had been met by the crew of the *Sea Lion* on several occasions in the course of her trading up and down the coast. The Eskimos laughed heartily and shook hands with everyone, welcoming them in the characteristic, hospitable Eskimo fashion.

The small bay in which the *Sea Lion* was anchored was in the mouth of Inglefield Gulf, which here indents the western coast of Greenland. The Eskimos explained that they had left their families encamped farther up the gulf, and had come down near its mouth to hunt walrus. At their permanent camp they had some bearskins and a fine lot of narwhal and walrus tusks which they had been keeping for Captain Mugford, as they had expected him.

Captain Mugford invited them aft, and after a half-hour's talk with them presented

each with a jackknife and gave them a quantity of trinkets to take to their women and children.

"Mr. Dugmore," he directed, "have Spuds give 'em each a half-dozen hard biscuits. That'll make 'em feel good. Want 'em to feel good! Have him fill 'em up on hot tea! All they want of it! Hard biscuits to eat with the tea, and each of 'em take a half-dozen away with him. Fix 'em up now! Special reason to make 'em feel good!"

"Very well, sir!" and Mr. Dugmore led them below for their treat, where Spuds, grumbling at the unsavory odor that the Eskimos took below with them, with Shanks' assistance served them with tea and hardtack, of which they were exceedingly fond.

When the visitors an hour later left the ship they were in the best of spirits, laughing like happy children, and promising to meet the ship upon her return from Etah, when they would have the bearskins and ivory for Captain Mugford.

"Fixed it all up! Fixed it all up!" said the captain to Mr. Jones that evening. "Eski-

mos to have an igloo at their camp for the three pirates. When we come back we'll land 'em. Fix 'em up all right, but they'll have to hunt their own meat. Eskimos lend 'em a hand if they need it. Won't let 'em starve or freeze. We'll let 'em spend the winter in Inglefield Gulf. Can't have 'em on the ship all winter, and it'll give 'em a chance to cool off."

"Do you think they can stand the cold weather with no better shelter than an igloo?" asked Mr. Jones. "We want to take 'em back for trial."

"Shanks and the Stowaways stood it, and didn't have grub either. Had to hunt it. Had to make their own clothes from skins and had to kill the animals to get skins," explained Captain Mugford. "I've fixed it up with the Eskimos to keep these fellows in warm fur clothes. Fixed up everything! But they'll have to hunt and keep working! Eskimos promised to make 'em do it. We'll give each of the prisoners a rifle, and leave a shotgun or two with 'em, and plenty of ammunition."

"Of course they deserve to be left that way, but I'm not sure but it's too much of a risk," insisted Mr. Jones. "We don't want anything to happen to 'em."

"Pish! Pish and fiddlesticks! Nothing'll happen to 'em! They'll be all right! We'll pick 'em up in good shape next summer!"

"Well, we'd have trouble if we kept 'em on the ship, and perhaps it's the best arrangement and you're right," agreed Mr. Jones.

"Of course it is! Of course it is! Now, Mr. Jones, we'll make our departure for Etah in the morning. Can't take chances on being pinched by the ice. We'll make our winter berth in Westenholm Sound when we come south, and the three pirates will be camped to the north of us and to the south of the three lads, with a long stretch of ice between."

CHAPTER XIV

THE HUT ON THE ROCKS

ETAH is situated on Smith Sound. Polar expeditions have, in years past, established their southern base stations here, and it has been the custom of the men in charge of the stations to conduct trade with the Eskimos while the explorers were occupied in the farther north. This trading was always decidedly profitable to the commander of the polar expedition, and Captain Muford was now to take advantage of this fact, and establish his own station with the Stowaways and Shanks in charge.

This is a regular and more or less permanent rendezvous for Eskimos, who house their families here in igloos built of stone and earth while they are absent hunting walrus, seals, and narwhals on the ice of Smith Sound or go afield for polar bears and reindeer, or make more extended jour-

neys across the ice to Ellesmere Land in search of the musk ox.

It rarely happens that the waters of Smith Sound are so free of ice as to permit a sailing vessel to penetrate to this far northern point. In general only steam vessels with their greater power and better ability to maneuver, may venture here with a degree of safety. Under ordinary circumstances, therefore, Captain Mugford, in attempting it, would have been undertaking a daring feat.

But this year, as we have seen, Baffin Bay, Melville Bay, and Smith Sound were, by some freak of nature, unclogged by ice. To be sure, a sudden gale was always likely to sweep the great pack down in a night or a day, and had this happened the *Sea Lion* could scarcely have escaped destruction.

But the life of the *voyageur* in these waters is one of risk and daring, and Captain Mugford, though ordinarily cautious, was also a man of daring. And though Mr. Jones had mildly registered an objection to the undertaking, and Mr. Dugmore, most

pessimistic from the beginning, had argued strongly against it, largely through habit, no doubt, Captain Mugford elected to take the risk.

Fortune was with them from the beginning. The *Sea Lion* was favored by sea and wind, and in spite of Mr. Dugmore's prediction that luck would turn against them if they were so recklessly to tempt Fate, "so to speak," the *Sea Lion* hove in sight of the bleak cliffs of Etah one day, and clustering between the cliffs and the sea a little group of skin tents or *tupeks* in which Eskimos live until the severer weather of winter comes to drive them into the more substantial igloos.

Since their call at Cape Parry, Al, Harry, and Shanks had been busy assembling the equipment necessary for their winter comfort, together with a quantity of trading goods destined to be exchanged with the Eskimos for fur and ivory. The latter included guns, knives, hatchets, needles, awls, files, beads, and a various assortment of knickknacks. Everything was now on deck ready to be transferred to land.

It was with mixed feelings of pleasure at the anticipation of adventure that awaited them, and of awe, loneliness, and shrinking uncertainty of what the future might hold for them among unknown savages on this desolate Arctic shore that the three young men looked for the first time upon the dismal rocks where they were to make their winter home. As the *Sea Lion* drew near they could discern, gathered near the water's edge, a group of natives curiously watching the approach of the strange vessel, and they wondered vaguely what measure of welcome awaited them.

Presently several kayaks put off from shore and paddled out to meet the ship, and hovered around her until she hove her anchor. Then the Eskimos eagerly clambered aboard.

"Well if there ain't Matuk and Korluk!" exclaimed Shanks.

"And there's Sipsook, too!" said Al joyfully, recognizing friends of the previous winter.

Shanks could speak the Eskimo tongue sufficiently well to make himself understood,

and Al and Harry had also acquired enough of the language to exchange greetings and to ask how the men had fared since they last saw them and if their families were well.

Daddy, however, conversed with them fluently, and usually acted as interpreter for the ship in dealings with them. He now explained the mission of the *Sea Lion*, and the Eskimos expressed pleasure that a bartering place was always to be within their reach during the winter months, and offered to lend every assistance to the adventurous young traders. Korluk, Matuk, and an Eskimo named Tuktu declared that their *kooners* (women) would make the necessary *kuletars*¹ and *nannookers*.² Others of the hunters offered the services of their *kooners* in providing birdskin shirts, sealskin boots, and sleeping bags for their guests, for as such they received the young men. Proper recompense, Daddy assured them, would be made in such articles of trade as they might select.

¹ The *kuletar* is a hooded loose garment made of fox or reindeer skin. It is drawn over the head and serves as a coat. Similar to the garment called a *parka* in Alaska.

² Trousers made usually in Greenland of polar bearskin.

There was no time to be lost. Despite the good weather it was advisable that the *Sea Lion* turn southward at the earliest moment and avoid the possibility of becoming ice-bound should a sudden storm arise.

Accordingly, lumber, packing boxes, coal, cases of kerosene oil, a small coal stove, and a two-wick oil stove (to be used when traveling with dogs and sledge), together with provisions, blankets, clothing, three large tarpaulins, and a quantity of trading goods, were immediately landed.

On shore they found a roofless shack, which had been constructed of packing boxes by explorers, an old stove, and a considerable supply of coal which had been abandoned by an exploring expedition two years before.

"They'll help out," said the Sky Pilot, who had charge of the building. "We can use those boxes with what we have and build a bang-up shack. This gives us more material, and we'll be able to make it bigger than I thought we should."

It was decided that the interior of the building should be ten by fourteen feet in

size. A sheltered and level spot was selected, and the erection of the shack began at once. Packing boxes were placed in position to form the walls, and these were filled with stones and such loose earth as could be scraped together. When the first row of boxes were fitted and filled, another tier was placed on top and filled in similar manner, the boxes arranged like huge bricks, until presently the sides of the house were six feet in height, with an opening to the eastward four feet high and two feet wide to serve as a doorway. In the south wall another opening fourteen by eighteen inches was provided to serve as a window, and into this a one-pane sash was fitted. This sash was on hinges that it might be opened for ventilation if necessary, and outside, also on hinges, a solid shutter of planks.

A double thickness of planks, with packing paper between, was now nailed on each end to form the gables, and the planks sawn to suit the slope of the roof. The two sides were covered with planks and sheathed with a single thickness of planks. Then the roof

itself was laid. This consisted of a layer of planks, spiked into position, over which a heavy tarpaulin was spread and this again covered with planks securely spiked down; and to guard against the possibility of it being blown away by gales of wind, bowlders were placed upon it as an anchorage and added protection. A door of planks was fashioned and hung upon heavy hinges, and to avoid the probability of the door being clogged by snow it was made to open into the room.

A stovepipe hole had been cut in the roof. The stove was now placed in position, and the shack was ready for its other meager furnishings.

"Darker'n all tarnation," observed Shanks. "But one little winder's better'n none, and last year we didn't have that much."

"It's going to be fine and warm," said Al, "and pretty soon when the sun goes down for the winter we won't care if it is dark."

"We'll be outside most of the time it's daylight anyhow," enthused Harry. "It's certainly a bang-up shack, and it's going to be mighty cozy."

"You'll be bankin' her up with snow blocks around the outside when snow comes," suggested Daddy. "That'll be a coal-savin' dodge. It'll keep the wind from siftin' in."

"We'll do that," said Al.

"We'll be snug as woodchucks in their hole," said Shanks.

"Now we'll have to fix up some sort of bunks for you fellows, and I reckon I can spare some boards for a floor," suggested the Sky Pilot.

"Jiminy, but we'll be puttin' on airs to have a floor," grinned Shanks.

"It will be swell, with a floor!" enthused Harry.

"You'll have one," laughed the Sky Pilot.

A bunk three feet wide was built the full length of the shack on the side opposite the door. This was divided in the middle, making two bunks each seven feet long. Another bunk across the rear end of the shack, with one end of it flush against the long bunk, was seven and one-half feet in length and of the same width as the others.

"That'll do for me," grinned Shanks.

"It's the longest one, and I need it to stretch."

"You may have it," laughed Al. "Harry and I will take the others."

"They'll serve as seats, too," suggested the Sky Pilot, "but we'll make two or three stools, and I'll knock together a table for you out of a box. That's all the furniture you're going to have."

"Can't you fix up some sort of a closet to keep grub and things in?" asked Al.

"You fellows are looking for all the comforts of home," laughed the Sky Pilot. "I reckon we can spare the lumber for it. Go to it, and build it."

While the Sky Pilot and three lads were busy on the interior, Daddy utilized some surplus boxes and boards to build an enclosed porch outside the door in which coal could be kept, and which would serve to exclude wind and drifting snow. On the evening following their arrival everything was completed and ready for occupancy, and provisions, supplies, and trading goods stowed away.

"Shipshape! Shipshape! Be as snug as we will on board!" declared Captain Muford when he came ashore to inspect the quarters. "What do you say to it, Mr. Jones? What do you say to this, now?"

"They should be snug enough in this shack, sir," admitted the mate. "I'd as lief stay in it myself as aboard ship."

"Yes, sir, yes! Fine quarters for 'em. Now you Stowaways and Shanks come aboard. Spuds has a good feed ready for you. Last you'll have before we sail. When you've eaten, report to me in the cabin."

Mr. Dugmore had taken advantage of the day ashore to hunt, and had returned with a good bag of ptarmigans. When the three young men descended into the galley they found Spuds waiting for them. He was in a mournful state of mind. He might well indeed have been about to part forever from the best and only friends he had in the world. But he had exerted himself to make the gastronomic parting at least as pleasurable as possible. On the galley range was a great pan of fried ptarmigans, done to a turn.

There were canned peas, boiled rice, a plum pudding, and a pot of coffee.

"Set down Al-fred and Hen-nery and Shanks. I should call you Pe-ter, which is your rightful name, Shanks, at a time like this." Spuds ran the forefinger of his right hand over his perspiring brow, deposited the accumulation gathered by the finger upon the floor with a spasmodic jerk of the hand, and then wiped his face with his apron and sighed heavily. "Seems like I was never goin' to see you fellers again. I'm goin' to have a lonely winter with nobody much to talk to."

"Oh, you'll be all right, Mr. Spuddington," Al consoled as Spuds helped him to fried ptarmigan and vegetables. "There's the Sky Pilot, he's a good fellow to talk with."

"And Daddy," suggested Harry. "He'll visit with you if you'll let him."

"They ain't like you fellers," objected Spuds. "And I never thought they'd send you away from me like this, Shanks. I don't know how they expects me to get along alone in the galley, sendin' you right smack away

from me this way, and leavin' me to do everything."

"You won't make out so bad," said Shanks. "You won't have so many to cook for with us fellers gone, and we do a lot of eatin'. The three pirates is goin' to be dropped off goin' back too, and that'll make six less."

"Yes, I know, but I'll miss you, Shanks," Spuds placed a hand affectionately upon Shanks' shoulder. "I've been cross to you sometimes, Shanks, but you won't hold it agin' me, now, will you Shanks? If you gets killed or dies up here with these heathen Eskimos you won't hold anything I've ever said agin' me, will you, Shanks?"

"Not a doggoned thing, Mr. Spuddington," agreed Shanks, much moved. "If I get killed or die I'll forget 'em all. I'll forget 'em anyhow."

"That's just like you, Shanks," said Spuds gratefully. "You've been the best help to me of anybody I've ever had."

"That's crackin' fine," broke in Harry. "That's a compliment you ought to appreciate, Shanks."

"I do, you bet," said Shanks.

"I ought not to feel so bad at bein' lonesome," continued Spuds. "My ancestors that came over in the *Mayflower* had it worse'n I will, and bein' their descendant I ought to stand it all right."

"Tell us about them," suggested Al in a burst of sympathy.

Conversation during the remainder of the meal was confined to Spuds' account of his ancestral heroes, and when they finally left him to report to Captain Mugford he was quite as cheerful as usual.

"Come in! Come in!" invited Captain Mugford when they presented themselves at the cabin door. "Did Spuds fill you up? Feed you well?"

"Yes, sir, thank you," said Al. "He gave us a good meal."

"All right! All right! Just wanted to say this," Captain Mugford waved them to seats. "Sit down! Can't talk to you while you stand! Why don't you sit down?"

Al and Harry seated themselves.

"The *Sea Lion*'ll make her berth in Wes-

tenholm Sound," the captain continued. "You know where that is. South of Inglefield Gulf. About as far south as Etah is north. Not likely we can come to Etah in the spring. When the Eskimos come south with their sledges in the spring come with 'em. Come to the ship. Pay 'em well and they'll bring you. Be glad to do it. Glad to be rid of you by that time. Bring all your furs and stuff, and any trading goods you don't dispose of. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Al.

"All right! You know what to do ashore. Told you all about that before." Captain Mugford arose and shook hands with each of them. "Now go to it! Go to it! Take care of yourselves! Good luck! Good luck! Expect great things of you lads. Now get out! Sleep aboard ship tonight. We're sailing with the tide in the morning. Mr. Jones'll let you have a boat. You may need it! See you in the morning before you go ashore. Get out of here now! I'm busy! Can't be bothered with you!"

"Let's get Daddy and the Sky Pilot and

take 'em down with us to visit with Spuds in the galley," suggested Al, when they were again on deck. "I want to get that yarn from Daddy, and this is the last chance we'll have."

"The one he said he'd spin us about being a pirate once?" asked Harry.

"Yes," said Al. "I reckon it'll be about half true anyhow, and it'll make Daddy feel good to have us show interest in his old yarn."

"Bully!" agreed Harry. "Let's do it!"

"Say," grinned Shanks, "Spuds is feelin' kinder good and lonesome for us, and most sheddin' tears because we're goin'. Maybe he'll fry up a little batch o' doughnuts for us to take ashore in the mornin' as a partin' gift o' love for his departin' shipmates. Let's strike him for 'em."

"Fine!" Al laughed. "Spuds can fry the doughnuts while Daddy spins his yarn."

They found Daddy and the Sky Pilot forward smoking their pipes and watching the thousands of sea birds hovering over the waters, and Al greeted them:

"Hello! We were looking for you. We're leaving early in the morning and thought we might have a little visit."

"That's good," said the Sky Pilot. "Good to have a visit, I mean, not your leaving us."

"I reckon you fellers are all sot up for housekeepin', and you'll soon be enjoyin' your little home," grinned Daddy as the three lads joined them. "I calc'late Shanks'll be cook, but who's goin' to be chambermaid?"

"I ain't goin' to do all the cookin'," Shanks protested. "Al and Harry'll have to do some on't. I guess we'll all help around the chambermaid work."

"Thanks to you and the Sky Pilot we've a bang-up place to spend the winter," laughed Al. "Can't you two come down to the galley with us? You've got that pirate yarn to spin to us, and perhaps we can induce Spuds to fry us some doughnuts."

"Yes, suppose we go along, Daddy, and hear that yarn," the Sky Pilot agreed. "You're good at inventing yarns, and we can stand it."

"That's the yarn of the *Nancy Hale*, and

when I turned pirate, and it's all true as your preachin', and I guess more so," Daddy smiled broadly. "Come along, and I'll spin her."

Shanks led the way, and Spuds greeted his visitors cordially. He was evidently lonely, and still brooding over the going of Shanks.

"Set down. I'm real glad to see you," said he. "I was lonesome thinkin' about you leavin' me the way you be, Shanks. I don't know how they expect me to make out alone."

"It will be lonesome without Shanks and the Stowaways," ventured the Sky Pilot.

"I guess we'll manage to shift some way without 'em," Daddy winked at Shanks. "You were always havin' your own troubles gettin' Shanks to hang around the galley long enough to get the grub cooked, now wa'n't you, Spuds?"

"My real name is *Mr.* Adolphus P. Spud-dington," corrected Spuds with some asperity and much attempted dignity. "The P stands for Puddingford. I likes to have folks call me by my right name, and not call

me nicknames just like common folks is called. My ancestors came over in the *Mayflower* and I'm their descendant, and I ain't just common folks like most sea-farin' men be. You can ask Al-fred or Hen-nery."

"That's so, now, you ain't just like others, be you?" Joshua winked again. "Now look at me. I don't recollect as I ever had any ancestors in my life, unless I call my mother and father and one or two grandfathers and grandmothers ancestors."

"'Tain't likely you ever did have any ancestors, leastways the kind I mean," Spuds was much mollified by Daddy's admission.

"Well, I can't say's I ever missed 'em much, never knowin' what 'twere to have 'em," Daddy knocked the ashes from his pipe, and proceeded to fill it. "'Tain't like as though I'd had 'em and lost 'em."

"Never you mind, Josh-u-a," consoled Spuds, now quite reconciled. "Everybody wa'n't born with ancestors to look up to, leastways them that come over in the *Mayflower* like mine did."

"Mr. Spuddington," there was sorrow in

Shanks' voice, "me'n Al and Harry go ashore in the mornin', and the *Sea Lion* sails to the suth'ard to her winter berth, and we won't see you again for a long time."

"It will be a long time, and maybe you'll be killed, Shanks, but when you're dead and gone I'll think about you," assured Spuds in a doleful tone, garnering a harvest of moisture from his brow with a finger, and flirting it upon the floor.

"We're all feelin' so doggoned busted up about it," continued Shanks, "we want some-thin' to keep us rememberin' for a little while how kind you be, and we guessed maybe you'd fry us up a batch of doughnuts."

"Yes," seconded Al, "those wonderful doughnuts of yours, to take over with us to our lonely little hut."

"They're just the finest doughnuts in the world!" added Harry. "Every time we eat one it'll make us think of you and the fine times we've had with you, hearing the stories about your ancestors. Eating the doughnuts while thinking of you will make the first lonesome days ashore go more quickly."

"And if we're killed or anything," Shanks' voice was more doleful than ever, "you'll be thinkin' about the last kindness you done for us."

"I never thought about makin' a batch of doughnuts for you now!" Spuds' face beamed. "I'll go right smack to work and make 'em, and I'll make a big batch too."

"Thank you! Thank you!" said Al with much feeling.

"I knew you'd make 'em for your old shipmates, Mr. Spuddington," added Shanks gratefully.

"While you're doing it," suggested Harry, "Daddy will spin us a yarn."

"I'll spin the yarn if *Mister* Spuddington don't mind," agreed Daddy. "Maybe he don't want folks talkin' while he's busy fryin' doughnuts."

"I won't mind at all," assured Spuds. "It won't fuss me a bit, Josh-u-a. Go right straight on and tell about the pirates."

CHAPTER XV

JOSHUA TIDD SPINS A YARN

“**T**HE yarn’s about the *Nancy Hale*,” began Joshua, after relighting his pipe. “I was a young feller when I shipped on her, but ’twa’n’t my first v’yage. As I said when I tells about goin’ to the Antarctic regions huntin’ for sulphur-bottoms and findin’ trouble, the master’s name was Loon, and a queer kind of feller he was, doin’ all sorts of crazy things. He was a good whaleman though, and knew his job, and when he set out on a v’yage he wouldn’t turn home till he had a cargo.

“When the sulphur-bottoms played high jinks with us, and wouldn’t let us kill ’em in a decent and self-respectin’ manner, and we’d had two boats smashed and lost one man, with no more show of killin’ a sulphur-bottom than a snowball would have in Mister Spud-

dington's oven, the old man p'inted the *Nancy Hale's* gib boom toward Bering Sea. There was said to be plenty o' whales knockin' about there, and we set out to kill our share of 'em.

"The *Nancy Hale* was a brig, full rigged, and as trim and smart a craft as I ever sailed in. Captain Loon was a queer duck, as I've said. He believed in carryin' guns, like ships used to do back in the forties and fifties, specially them in Pacific waters. We had one mounted for'ard and two on the starb'ard and two on the port side, which even in the old days when there was pirates to look out for would have been a superfluity o' guns, and more'n any decent, self-respectin' trader or merchantman would ever have need of. But the master had served in the navy in his young days and he'd picked up the guns and mounted 'em just to make him feel kinder to home and comfortable.

"We cruised to the west'ard and nuth'ard, pickin' up one right whale to the south of New Zealand. Then we gets in a blow, and are drove out of our course and has to lay up for repairs in a port where there were a ves-

sel that'd been tradin' with the Fiji Islanders and had made a big haul.

"This puts a crazy notion in Captain Loon's head that we can do some good tradin' there too. He puts into a New Zealand port and takes on a lot of tradin' stuff, and away we sails for the Fiji Islands.

"As I've said before, whalin' and tradin' wasn't done together them days. They didn't mix. But Captain Loon was ready for all sorts of crazy doin's, and this was sure one of 'em.

"Well, to make it short, we hove in sight of the islands in proper time and made a port the master had heard about as a good place to find the savages. We found 'em all right, but not like we was expectin'. Somebody, I reckon, had been foolin' him and calc'lated on playin' a joke. He were expectin' some sort of town, or leastways we was. There wa'n't any town anywheres as I could see on the landscape, but before we'd cast our anchor the shore was alive with the toughest-lookin' bunch of savages I ever clapped eyes on, and they was puttin' off in

big war canoes and was armed with spears and war clubs.

"It didn't take a prophet to tell they was in fightin' trim and achin' to start somethin'. The old man knew what was comin', and he just held the anchor apeak, and we spread sail, and made ready to depart that port quicker'n any vessel I ever sailed on before or since. There was forty of us in the crew, and every mother's son of us was workin' like it was for his life, and he was too.

"But quick as we was them savages was quicker. They just pulled them canoes in so fast it looked like they'd swarm all over us before we could get under way, and 'twas plain to be seen they meant business. The captain wa'n't afraid, but it seemed like he didn't want to hurt anybody if he could make out without it.

"There wa'n't anything else to do but shoot and shoot for business. Our guns were loaded with grape, and when the order came we let fly. It seemed like twenty or thirty of the canoes just reared up and then the water was full of savages scramblin' around. But

it didn't seem to head off the others; they came on yellin' to make your blood freeze.

"We loaded and gave it to 'em again, but by then some of 'em had got alongside and was tryin' to scramble aboard. Lucky for us we was light loaded, and high, and we just knocked 'em off in the water while the gun crews fired again.

"That third shot was all they wanted. There wa'n't enough of 'em left to hurt us, and they made off as fast as they could paddle, and we sailed away thankful enough we all had whole skins. We must have killed a hundred of them savages, least calc'lation. We done up a slew of 'em anyhow.

"Captain Loon had all he wanted of Fiji Island tradin' for the time bein'. He said we'd just stick to our regular business of whalin' after that, and we headed straight for Bering Sea. But the fight kinder got the old man's blood het up, I reckon, and the ups and downs we'd had with sulphur-bottoms and then the Fiji Island savages made him sort of reckless, which led to what happened later on.

"We'd been in the suth'ard latitudes, and while it was summer there it was winter in the north latitudes. We sailed north in the fall, which was spring to the nuth'ard of Cancer, and Bering Sea was gettin' middlin' clear of ice when we sailed into her the first week in July, and about the first thing we seen was the spout of a right whale.

"The old man was excited when that whale was sighted. The boats were lowered away with everybody feelin' good, and off we pulled for the whale. I was in the first boat and we got the irons in her with no more trouble than the Sky Pilot has jammin' his preachin' into us. She couldn't get away from us any more'n we can get away from him.

"The old feller gave us a good long tow before two o' the boats overhauled us and we got him killed, but before we could get the line on to take him alongside a fog settled down on us thicker'n mud. The *Nancy Hale* was a good distance off, and after pullin' awhile, we lay to for the fog to lift, for we'd kinder lost our bearin's and wa'n't sure

but we were goin' wrong. Then night came on, and a breeze sprung up, and it looked like a nasty squall was due.

"The mate was along in our boat, and after some talk he decided we'd better pull out and hunt the *Nancy Hale*. We stuck a harpoon shaft up in the whale and tied a piece of the mate's red undershirt to it for a marker, and away we goes. It was near mornin' and a pretty stiff sea runnin' when we sees the lights of the *Nancy Hale*, and daybreak when we gets aboard.

"The blow kept up all that day, but by the next the wind had settled down to a respectable breeze with a moderate sea runnin' and we went cruisin' around lookin' for that whale. It was comin' sundown when we sighted a vessel with a whale tied up to her starboard side and her crew makin' ready to cut into her.

"'That's our whale!' the mate says to the captain, kinder excited like. 'See that there stick floatin' there with a red cloth on't? The stick's our harpoon shaft, and the cloth's the tail o' my red-flannel shirt!'

“ ‘The pirates!’ says the captain. ‘They’re stealin’ our whale! I’ll show ’em!’

“Well, he run the *Nancy Hale* down and brought her up to within about forty fathoms or thereabouts of the other ship, which was a Jap, and asked for the skipper. We could hear some jabberin’ among the Jap crew and then a feller hails us in broken English and asks what we wants.

“Captain Loon tells ’em in more or less decorated language that he wants the whale and no foolin’ about it either. I won’t use his words for I’m afraid they’d shock the Sky Pilot. Leastways they was plain enough and the Jap understood ’em, for he answered that he’d found the whale floatin’ loose and it was his’n and he was goin’ to keep it. Then we noticed that the Jap crew was armed with rifles and that the vessel carried a gun for’ard and one aft, and we sized her up as a seal poacher, which she was.

“The old man said we had killed that whale and it was our’n by all the laws of the seven seas, and he wa’n’t goin’ to give it up.

“There wa’n’t any need of an order for the

gun crews on the *Nancy Hale* to stand by their guns. They knew what was comin', and they was there, and the old man didn't give the Jap poacher a chance to swing her bow gun or her stern chaser to bear on us. He ordered us to fire and we gave 'em a broad-side high up. It knocked over some of the Japs, and brought down a spar.

"There wa'n't any more squabblin' after that. The Japs cut the whale loose, and showed they wa'n't hankerin' for any close communion with us. They acted like they didn't care anything about our company any longer, and they were willin' to let us have the whale without any more jawin' or dick-erin'.

"We made fast to it and towed her away about five miles, for we wa'n't hankerin' for their society either. Then we come to and lashed the carcass alongside, and spent the night cuttin' her up.

"It were just fair daylight the next mornin' when the lookout gave us, 'Whale ahoy!' 'Twa'n't 'There she blows,' accordin' to rule.

" 'Where away?' calls Captain Loon.

"'Four p'int's off the starb'rd bow,' answers the lookout.

"'Well, don't she blow?' asks the captain in a riled voice.

"'She can't,' says the lookout. 'She's deader'n tripe and has a red flag atop of her.'

"We was puzzled at that, and so was the captain. He sends the mate with a crew to look the whale over. 'Twa'n't far off and the mate soon comes back lookin' sheepish-like and reports that the whale's our'n.

"'But you says the whale was our'n that we took from the Japs,' says the skipper. 'If that was our'n this one ain't. We only killed one whale.'

"'This one is, and t'other wa'n't though I thinks 'twere,' says the mate.

"'How do you know this one is?' asks the captain.

"'Don't I know my own shirt tail?' says the mate. 'The red flag on this'n is off'n my shirt tail.'

"'But you says,' argues the captain, 't'other red flag was off'n your shirt tail, and your

shirt ain't big enough to have two red flags cut off'n it.'

" 'Well 'twas in the water and I couldn't make it out fair. I thought 'twas,' says the mate a bit sheepish-like.

"The long and the short of it was we brought this second whale alongside, and lashed her up to cut, but Captain Loon had to make sure 'twas right this time. We all sees that the harpoon shaft is our'n, but that wa'n't enough for the captain. He makes the mate pull his red-flannel shirt up out'n his trousers, and fits the red flag that was tied on the harpoon shaft to the tail of the mate's shirt, and sure enough it fitted.

" 'Well, by gum!' says the captain. 'We're pirates. We took that other whale from the Japs in reg'ler pirate way and 'twa'n't our'n at all! Now we're in a mess of trouble, and we'll be in a mix-up with the government.'

" 'Oh, no we won't,' says the mate. ' 'Twas plain as the nose on your face that was a poachin' outfit. They was stealin' the whale from some other crew that had to cut loose from her like we did from our'n. They think

'twas our'n, and they'll never make a report on't. Bein' poachers they're outlaws anyhow, and they'll keep mum enough.'

"'Well 'twa'n't our'n,' says the captain, kinder crosslike.

"'Leastways gimme back my shirt tail,' says the mate. 'I'll sew her back on the shirt where she belongs.'

"Captain Loon hands over the shirt tail, and never says another word. The mate hangs her in the riggin' to dry, and we goes ahead and cuts up the whale.

"Them *was* whales. The one we pirated from the Japs had twelve-foot bone, and the one that was rightfully our'n measured thirteen feet and a half, and that's just as straight and true as any preachin' the Sky Pilot ever done."

"They *were* big whales," admitted the Sky Pilot.

"Big! Them was *whales* of whales!" emphasized Daddy. "I've been whalin' a good bit in my day, and them whales comin' together run most as big as I ever see."

Joshua's pipe was smoked out. He

paused, and drew a plug of tobacco and a jackknife from his pocket and shaved some of the tobacco into the palm of his left hand. Then, rubbing the shaved tobacco between his palms, he thoughtfully filled his pipe.

"Did you ever hear anything about the whale, or who it belonged to?" asked Al.

"Yes," said Joshua, striking a match and lighting his pipe. "A British whaler bears down on us whilst we was cuttin' our whale up. She hails us and comes to, and asks if we've seen a whale floatin' loose, with a red flag atop her.

"We all knows right off it were the Britisher's whale we takes from the Jap, and Captain Loon knows it.

" 'There,' he says to the mate, 'that other whale belonged to the Britisher, and with you not knowin' your own shirt tail, we've gone and stole it.'

" 'No we didn't,' says the mate. ' 'Twere the Jap poacher stole the whale. We takes her from the Jap. We never sees her floatin' free. We only sees her tied up to the Jap. We salvaged her.'

“‘You’re right, now,’ says the captain. ‘We never sees her floatin’. Leastways we’ve got the blubber in the kittles, and had the work of cuttin’ her up and hoistin’ the blubber aboard. I reckon we’ll say nothin’ and call her our’n. We salvaged her and she’s our’n, and everyone aboard better keep mum about the hull thing.’

“Then he tells the Britisher that we has a whale we killed, and cut loose from in the fog. The Britisher don’t seem like he’s satisfied, and she launches a boat and her captain pulls over with a crew, and comes aboard the *Nancy Hale*. He’s a big pompous feller, and the first thing he sees is the tail of the mate’s red-flannel shirt dryin’ in the riggin’ and the minute he sees it he blows up and says we stole his whale.

“That riled Captain Loon quite some, and he acted like he was goin’ to get real mad. He told the Britisher he never let folks call him or his crew thieves, and he kinder feels like heavin’ him overboard but he won’t. Then he ups and has the mate pull the tail of his shirt out’n his trousers again to show

the Britisher where the red flag come from.

"Well that pacified the Britisher for it were plain as day it fitted the mate's shirt, and he and Captain Loon got real friendly-like, and Captain Loon took him below for refreshments and when the Britisher left the two was thicker'n a fog off the Grand Bank. That feller never suspicioned we had his whale all cut up and that the blubber we was tryin' out in the kittles was his'n by rights.

"Luck seemed to be sailin' with us up in Bering Sea, and we reckoned we'd have our cargo before winter, but we didn't quite fill up, and so we wintered there. Soon's we got free of the ice in the spring we kills another fine whale and the *Nancy Hale* set sail for home by way of the Horn.

"Leastways, the crew thought we was p'intin' for the Horn, but we wa'n't. We was p'intin' for the Fiji Islands. Captain Loon had all those tradin' goods aboard and that bothered him a lot. He wanted to get rid of 'em and he figgered that he'd see if them savages wa'n't feelin' better-humored

than when we'd seen 'em before. He'd kinder fergot the way he felt when we'd been there the other time.

"So the first thing we knows we're sailin' into the same port where we had the fight the year before. This time there wa'n't a savage in sight, though we was ready for 'em with our guns loaded with grape. Everything lookin' quiet and peaceful-like, we picks a good berth and heaves our anchor early one mornin', and waits for what might turn up.

"We'd been in Arctic latitudes and was kinder hardened to cold, and it was hotter'n tarnation down there in the Fiji Island waters. We'd been afloat a good while too, and I got it in my head to go ashore and look around a bit. So I asks the captain. He's willin', and lets me have a boat, and take along whatever men of the crew wants to go, but he tells us not to get separated and to keep our eyes sharp for natives.

"There's no trouble gettin' the men to go, and we all takes our guns and off we goes to shore, ten of us in all with me commandin'

the landin' party. I were fergettin' to say that I was bo's'n of the *Nancy Hale* ever since Jim Hankins, who was bo's'n before me, took sick and died of lung fever the winter before.

"When we gets ashore we follered a trail back a little ways, maybe a mile, and all at once comes plunk on a settlement of houses which was just bamboo shacks with roofs thatched with grass and mostly open around the sides.

"There was a hullabaloo of a rumpus among the folks. They sees the *Nancy Hale* the minute she turns into their bay and anchors, and not knowin' whether we're friendly or not they're gettin' ready to move back in the hills till we goes. There's no gettin' 'round it, they're good and scared. An old feller with his hands raised over his head comes out to meet us, and we makes out he's beggin' us not to kill 'em all, and tellin' us they'll be good, and I holds out my hand and shakes his'n to let him know we're as peace'ble as they be and we'll let 'em be if they'll let us be too.

“Well to make it short, it turned out that just the time we hove in the bay the year before a big war party of some folks they was havin’ a war with had turned up to give ’em a lickin’, but we licked the war party and saved the village from bein’ wiped out, for after we ups and blows the canoes of these enemies of their’n to pieces and kills a hundred or so of ’em, what was left turned tail and went back where they belongs.

“When they finds we hain’t huntin’ trouble, they’re like a passel of children on a picnic. The old feller and them that was with us takes us to a woman that we makes out to be the queen or head of the tribe. Her husband that was king got killed the week before, and she seemed to be runnin’ things. She shines up to me from the start off, thinkin’ I’m master of the ship or somethin’, and first thing we knows some of the people brings in some grub such as they has and we eats, though we don’t know what ’tis, and don’t like it overmuch.

“Then I brings up the matter of trade. The folks is ready for tradin’ but the queen

don't want 'em to go to the ship and acts like she don't want me to leave her, for she keeps shinin' up to me harder and harder. I wants to say though, I thinks she ain't much to look at. About all she wears is some grass matten' wrapped around her waist and reachin' half-way to her knees, and her hair's a sight.

"Well, I sends all the men but Mike Finn, one of my crew, back to tell the captain to hustle over his tradin' goods, and after awhile over comes the captain himself with a lot of the stuff. He's wonderful pleased with the way I handles things, and we gets some pearls, pearl shells, and copra and other truck in trade which makes him feel good too.

"Then the queen lets us know her folks has a lot of stuff back in the country we can have if we waits, but it'll be a month before she gets 'em. The old man's made a pretty good haul already, but he's like most folks the world over, the more he gets the more he wants. He says we'll wait, and as the old queen has took such a fancy to me and wants me to stay in the village, he tells me to stay,

and away the captain and all the crew goes and leaves me. That wa'n't the worst of it. The old man tells me the *Nancy Hale's* goin' to take a little cruise around among the islands lookin' for more trade, whilst I waits for the queen to get her pearls and things down.

"Then I be alone with them Fiji Islanders, but they treats me well enough. The old queen keeps likin' me more and more, and I can't blame her for I was a fine-lookin' chap them days. It gets a bit troublesome after awhile though, when I finds she wants to adopt me as her son and set me up as a prince or somethin'. I hedges off, but I can't help myself, and in the end I lets 'em do it.

"There is a hullabaloo of a time for two or three days, with eatin' and dancin' and carryin' on, and everybody kowtowin' to me. I has to dress up their way, which is mostly not wearin' anything but a waistband of grass mattin' and a necklace of some kind of bones or somethin' of enemies they'd killed sometime or other. They wants to put

a ring in my nose, too, but I draws the line at that.

"At the end of a month the pearls and things comes down, but the *Nancy Hale* don't show up. We waits another month, and I gets a bit fidgety about it. I'm havin' a good time though, with everybody waitin' on me, me bein' boss; but a feller gets tired of it, and I'm kinder gettin' homesick to be at sea.

"So it goes, with me prince about three months, when some fellers comes in all wild and excited-like one mornin', and the first thing I knows the whole village is gettin' out their clubs and spears and bows and arrows. I'm scared some, for they all crowds around me yellin' like they're crazy.

"To make it short, I've picked up their lingo to talk it middlin' well and I makes out that there's a war party of another crowd comin' to fight 'em, and me bein' prince they expects me to head 'em and lick the other crowd.

"I ain't hankerin' for the fight, but I calc'late if I don't go with 'em there'll be

trouble for me where I be, and if I do go and they get licked the other crowd'll come along and that'll end me anyhow. So which way I do, I've got to get in the fight, and it looks like my best chance is to help lick the outsiders. I've got my gun and I gets her out, and off I goes at the head of the mob of savages.

"It's a pretty even scrap, or 'twould have been if I weren't there with my gun. I just looks out for the head men of the other crowd, and picks 'em off with my gun, and when they sees their head men droppin' they gets scared after a bit and runs. We has about a dozen of our folks batted over the head or speared, but the other crowd loses a lot more'n that.

"When it's all over, our folks picks out two of the other fellers that was killed, and takes the corpses back to the village. Then they has a big dance around me and the old queen 'claps her arms around my neck and kisses me, which I don't like, and everybody does a lot of kowtowin' to me.

"I sees somethin' is goin' on special.

They makes a big fire and has some kittles over, and it looks like a feed, which I find 'tis. That evenin' they all gets out painted up, and has a big dance with me in the center, and then they opens the kittles and leads me to 'em.

"First thing I'm suspicious of them kittles, and when I sees inside 'em I knows what's up. They've gone and stewed the two corpses belongin' to that other crowd that they brought in to the village. Right there I balks. Even if I be the prince, I won' eat out'n them kittles and I ups and tells 'em so.

"That kicks up a rumpus right off, and it looks like I'm in for trouble. The queen tells me I've got to eat, for eatin' dead enemies makes a feller twice as good a fighter. I don't see it that way and I tells 'em so, and that starts them savages jibberin' at me and pullin' and haulin' me, when all of a sudden I hears Captain Loon laughin' as hard as he can, and turnin' 'round I sees the captain and mate and about fifteen of the crew of the *Nancy Hale*, and I was so glad I most blubbered. The *Nancy Hale*'d come in without

us seein' her, bein' so busy that day fightin' and then gettin' ready for the feed.

" 'Captain Hale,' says I, 'save me from eatin' human flesh with these savages. I'm prince of the outfit, but they're turnin' on me.'

" 'You looks like you're havin' a good time,' says the captain, laughin' some more.

" 'Well, I ain't,' says I.

"To make it short, the savages felt kinder good toward the *Nancy Hale* for helpin' 'em in the other fight, and maybe they was scared of them guns the men had. Leastways they has another conflag and then they quits tryin' to make me eat, and kowtows to me again.

"Captain Loon gets his pearls and other junk next mornin', with me actin' as trader for the savages, after the feed is over, which I don't eat.

"Then I sneaks away, and gets in my ship toggery to go aboard, but when I does this the old queen sets up a holler and all the folks gets around me to stop me, and follers all the way to the boats.

"I'm glad enough when I gets aboard the

good old *Nancy Hale* again, and I tells Captain Loon plain that I were shippin' as sea-man and whaler and not as prince to Fiji Island savages, and to let Mike Finn or somebody else have them jobs after that.

"There, I guess you fellers have had enough of my yarnin'," added Daddy, after a pause.

"I think we have," agreed the Sky Pilot.

"How's them doughnuts, Mister Spuddington?" Daddy grinned. "Ain't you goin' to pass 'em?"

"Yes, Mr. Spuddington, pass 'em around. They look extra good," urged Al. "Daddy's yarn was fine and he deserves a treat."

"It was bully!" exclaimed Harry enthusiastically. "Those good doughnuts will make a splendid dessert to finish it off with!"

"If I go handin' 'em around like this you won't have any to take ashore with you," objected Spuds, nevertheless passing the doughnuts good-naturedly.

"We're havin' a good-bye party, and I reckon they'll taste pretty good here," assured Shanks.

But Spuds permitted each to extract only one from the pan. Then he placed the remaining doughnuts in a bag and tied it securely. When this was done, he cleared his perspiring brow of moisture in his accustomed fashion, and announced:

"Now all of you go right smack out of here. I'm goin' to make three raisin pies for you fellers to take ashore as a kind of special treat, and it always fusses me to have folks around when I makes pies."

CHAPTER XVI

ALONE ON A DESOLATE SHORE

THE following morning after breakfast the three lads said farewell to Spuds, who was almost in tears at the parting. With marked emotion he presented them with the bag of doughnuts and three attractive-looking raisin pies, with the apology:

"I'm sorry I didn't think to make you a plum puddin' that you could keep for Thanksgivin' or Christmas, but I've been so worked up over your goin' I just went right smack and forgot all about it. But I'll be thinkin' about you and wonderin' whether you're dead yet. I expect you'll all take sick or die or be killed before I see you again. Kinder try to keep cheerful like my ancestors did on the *Mayflower*."

The boys each in turn shook Spuds' hand heartily and thanked him for all he had done for their comfort. Then they hurried away to find Captain Mugford after stowing the

doughnuts and pies carefully in the boat Mr. Jones had assigned to their use.

“Good-bye! Good-bye!” exclaimed Captain Mugford. “Take care of yourselves! Expect a good trade from you! A good trade!”

A hurried adieu was said on deck, and the crew, led by Daddy, gave them a cheer as they pulled away in their boat.

A brisk breeze was blowing. The foresail was already hoisted, and over the water to the three lads came the words of a chantey from the men at the anchor windlass:

A whaler sailed from Bedford town —
Wake her up! Shake her up! Try her with the
mains’l!

A whaler sailed from Bedford town
With a keg full of gold and a velvet gown;
Ho, the jolly rover Jack,
Waiting with his yard aback,
Out upon the Lowland sea.
Wake her up! Shake her up! Try her with the
mains’l!

They had hardly reached shore when the *Sea Lion*, with all sails set, turned southward on her course; and standing silently upon the

naked gray rocks they watched her until a jutting point of land hid her from view. And still they stood, none speaking or moving, as they gazed at the empty sea. In the hurry of preparation they had scarce given a thought to the long and lonely period of isolation that lay before them.

Now for the first time, with the sailing of the *Sea Lion*, came the realization that for many dreary months they were to be marooned upon the most desolate part of the earth with no other companionship than that of native savages. It was not strange that a sense of helplessness settled upon them. They were beyond the reach of sympathetic friends. If they were to fall ill, as Spuds had predicted, or be injured, none could come to their assistance. These thoughts were in the mind of each as they stood and gazed at the sea, though none ventured to voice them.

"We may's well get down to business," remarked Shanks presently, breaking the silence, "but we're goin' to feel queer as tarnation for a spell. Kind of as though we'd lost our rudder."

"I feel that way now," said Al as the three turned toward the little cabin which was to be their home.

"We'll soon get used to it, and we're in for a bully time," cheered Harry. "I'd rather be in this shack than on the ship, anyhow. There'll be no end of squabbling among the men down forward when winter sets in and the sun goes down."

"I don't feel like working inside. That can wait. We'll have to spend so much time there when the long night comes. I want to be out-of-doors as much as I can now. Let's get our guns, and go back over the hills," suggested Al. "Maybe we'll get some birds."

"That's sense!" agreed Shanks. "It'll kinder get us used to things."

A hill rose behind the shack, and after securing guns the three climbed it, and paused to look about them. Near the camp was a high cliff. Clouds of little auks were flying up and down its face or perching upon jutting rocks. Gulls and terns hovered over the sea, or rested upon the waves. Seals lifted their heads above the water, looked curiously

about them and sank from view. Living creatures everywhere were going actively about the business of their existence — always hunting food.

Here was companionship, but soon enough the birds would disappear before bitter Arctic blasts, and the heaving waters of the sea would be chained by the ice pack.

At their feet lay a mighty expanse of wilderness, austere and rugged, but in its very desolation possessing a grandeur and beauty both impressive and inspiring. It was God's world, made by His hand, untouched and unmarred by man. Spread about them lay thousands upon thousands of square miles of primeval wilderness, above which rose no smoky chimneys, belching unwholesome smudge, no roar of rushing locomotives broke the silence of ages and no stifling factories imprisoned weary workers. Here were no jostling crowds, no unholy ambitions, no flaunting of wealth, no pitiful poverty.

"I almost feel," said Harry, breaking the silence, "as though I had died and left the old world which I have always known be-

hind me, and life had come to me again on another planet."

"It is like a dream," said Al.

"I guess we'll wake up bimeby," grinned Shanks. "When winter comes we'll get a punch that'll wake us out'n any dreams we're havin'. I've got a hunch there's some things marked up for us we ain't countin' on, and we're more'n likely to get all that's comin' to us. Just because we've got a shack and fixed up pretty fine with things down here don't mean we're goin' to have any puddin' of a time. We've got to rustle fresh meat, and we may's well be gettin' busy. We ain't goin' to have punkin pie three times a day."

The afternoon walk was a rough one, over rugged, naked hills and along rocky moraines. But it was successful. The shotguns which Al and Harry carried brought them seventeen ptarmigans, the grouse of the Arctic, and Shanks, with a rifle, secured two Arctic hares. But, best of all, it occupied the minds of the young adventurers and they forgot their isolation.

In the days that followed the Eskimos, true

to their promise, supplied them with *kuletars*, *nannookers*, sealskin boots, and shirts from the skins of the little auk. These birds were captured by hundreds in nets, and the tough skins removed with wonderful dexterity. The women chewed the fleshy side to draw out the oil that remained in them, and then sewed them with sinew taken from the back of reindeer. Sinew, indeed, was the only thread used in fashioning garments. Nearly one hundred and fifty little aukskins were required in the making of each shirt.

In the meantime the days were filled with arranging the cabin and adding to it so much of a homelike atmosphere as its meager furnishings would permit; and in daily hunting expeditions, which resulted in the capture of one walrus and several seals and a considerable number of ducks and other sea fowl, some of which were to be held in reserve for winter use.

The majority of the Eskimos, they soon learned, were to remove presently to a place still farther north which they called An-nootok, there to remain permanently through-

out the winter. It was explained, however, that Annootok was but one long day's journey from Etah and that the hunters would frequently visit the Etah cabin.

This was a decided disappointment to the three lads. They had hoped for the constant companionship of their savage neighbors, to whom they were already quite attached.

"Maybe we could fix it up to live at Annootok," suggested Al. "If it isn't more than a day's journey with dogs, we could get back here now and again, if it were not comfortable there. We lived in a cave last winter and the Eskimo igloos will be just as warm."

"They're dirtier'n all git out," objected Shanks. "We kept our cave cleaned up last winter. I ain't for livin' in the same igloos with 'em."

"Maybe we could go up now and fix up some sort of an igloo or shack for ourselves," proposed Harry.

"Let's try it!" agreed Al. "We might get some of them to go with us."

"'Twon't do no harm to try," agreed Shanks. "I'm for it."

"Suppose we go and ask 'em now," suggested Harry.

Shanks led the way to Korluk's *tupek*, where, fortunately, they also found Sipsook and a young hunter named Etookluk. Etookluk's family was already at Annootok. He was eager for the expedition, and with some persuasion Sipsook agreed to join them.

"We may as well take a stock of grub along in the boat," suggested Shanks. "There's no tellin' how long it'll take us and we'll soon be gungrier'n all tarnation."

"When'll they be ready?" asked Al.

After a short parley with the two men, Shanks announced that they wished to leave at once, but the following morning would be quite agreeable to them. Shanks also interpreted a statement that there was a comfortable shack at Annootok, used the previous winter by an explorer, as well as a stove and a quantity of coal, which the explorer had abandoned.

"Bully!" exclaimed Harry. "We'll take up enough grub to last us for a month, anyhow. We can take more up later if we need

it. The Eskimos will haul it for us with their dogs."

Accordingly the evening was given to preparation, and early the following morning the three adventurers with their two Eskimo friends set out in the boat for Annootok.

Note—While there was still perpetual daylight, and the brief midnight twilight, the twenty-four hours were, for convenience, divided into a night and day period.

CHAPTER XVII

THE HURRICANE

"IT'S too bad to leave the snug little shack the Sky Pilot built for us," said Al regretfully, as Etah was lost to view. "I don't see why the Eskimos can't be contented there instead of constantly moving about."

"It's this way," explained Shanks, "and mostly they've got good reasons for shifting. I guess likely they find the huntin' better to the nuth'ard, and they've got to be where the huntin' is."

"I suppose so," Al agreed, "but it seems to me there'd be better hunting at Etah than farther north."

"Nope," said Shanks positively. "The huskies are after seals and walrus mostly, with white bears and musk ox chucked in as a side line, and I've heard say that the further to the nuth'ard you go the more life there is in the water."

"That is strange," observed Harry. "Land life is more abundant in warmer latitudes, and you'd suppose sea life would be too. There are more sea birds and water fowl here though than I ever saw in my life."

"But it's the seals, walrus, narwhals, and white bears, and such like, the huskies are after mostly," explained Shanks.

"Speaking of birds, I've been trying to see how many I could name that I've seen here," said Al. "There are little auks, guillemots, dovebies, skuas, northern eider ducks, and kittiwakes. I've made out five different gulls, the Arctic tern, several jaegers, three murre, some old squaws and there are several birds I didn't know. I'm just naming water birds."

"That reminds me!" broke in Harry. "The Sky Pilot gave me some books for the shack. They're in my chest. I forgot to unpack 'em. There's a bird book among 'em, and that'll help us identify them."

"Good!" exclaimed Al, vastly pleased. "What other books did he give you? We'll need 'em after the cold weather and the dark sets in."

"A Bible, *Thomas à Kempis*, a hymn book, *The Art of Self-Defense*, *David Copperfield*, a book of Wordsworth's poems, and *Three Years of Arctic Service* by Greely. That's in two volumes, and it'll make dandy reading this winter. It's the story of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, when Brainard and Lockwood got farther north than any explorers ever had been, and it tells about the men starving and dying, most all of 'em, right up here at Cape Sabine. Cape Sabine is over on the Ellesmere Land side and they say we can see it from Annootok. I forgot to mention two pairs of boxing gloves in the package."

"Fine! Bible, boxing gloves, hymns, exploration, fiction, poetry, and a book on the science of boxing," laughed Al. "That's a good variety. It's like the Sky Pilot too."

It was a rocky and desolate shore along which they were passing, with the land rising in naked hills and precipitous cliffs. But the bird life of cliffs and waters offered food for conversation, as well as the animal life of the sea. Seals and walrus were numerous, and

three or four narwhals were seen, two of them with particularly fine tusks.

"I'm hungrier'n all tarnation," Shanks announced in the early afternoon. "I wonder if the Eskimos ain't goin' ashore to eat. I'll ask 'em."

"Yes, ask 'em," Harry seconded. "I'm hungry too."

The Eskimos laughed good-naturedly at the suggestion, but objected on the ground that the good weather might not continue, and they should take advantage of it to reach Annootok. But after a discussion that lasted several minutes, Sipsook, who was acting as helmsman, turned the boat into a convenient nook in the rocks, and Etookluk, asking Shanks for his tea kettle, climbed up the rocks, presently returning with the kettle filled with water. Then, without further delay, Sipsook again turned the boat upon its course.

The Eskimos had provided themselves with a stone lamp and a quantity of seal blubber, and while Al trimmed the sails, Etookluk proceeded to arrange the lamp in the bottom

of the boat and to squeeze the oil from seal blubber into it until it was nearly filled. Arranging moss along one edge to serve as a wick, he lighted the moss, and with the aid of a boathook suspended the kettle of water over the flames to boil for tea.

"I reckon we're goin' to have tea and grub," observed Shanks. "Leastways it looks that way. I'm goin' to fry some bacon and make a real meal of it."

"The frying pan is in the box forward," said Al. "I put it there."

In a half-hour the air was filled with the appetizing odor of frying bacon, and presently all were eating bacon and hardtack, and drinking tea, with the appetites that only those who live in the open can enjoy.

The sun set, and the wind died with the coming of twilight. The sails flapped idly, and Al and Shanks reefed them, and then all hands turned to the oars, for Sipsook told them they were so near Annootok that it would be better to go on than to go ashore and camp.

There was a full moon, and as twilight



Gigantic icebergs, like turreted castles, rose high above a black and somber sea

fell the bergs dotting Smith Sound on every side resolved themselves, as by magic, into turreted castles, or great cathedrals with lofty white spires rising high above a black and somber sea. The water fell from the oar blades like liquid fire, and a trail of fire followed in the wake of the boat.

"Phosphorus," remarked Al. "I never saw it so bright before—so much of it."

"'Tis queer, ain't it!" said Shanks. "Seems like the water's on fire."

"Aren't the icebergs magnificent! Don't they look bully!" exclaimed Harry. "You'd think they'd last forever, they're so big and solid, and they say we see only about one-ninth of them, and that eight-ninths are submerged. In a year or two I suppose they'll all be melted and gone, with new ones to take their places."

"But just think how long they've been making," said Al. "The old glaciers from which they broke reach away back into the interior. Greenland is covered by an ice cap between two and three thousand feet thick. This ice cap with the glaciers flowing out of it is

formed from snow packed to terrific hardness, and must have been thousands of years in forming."

"Jiminy! I never thought of that!" Shanks exclaimed. "I just thought of 'em as hunks of ice freezin' up for four or five years and then startin' out as bergs."

"Some of the glaciers have their head a long way back in the interior," said Al. "They keep working down a few feet every year, and when they extend far enough out into the sea the end breaks off and becomes a berg."

"There must be a lot of glaciers in Greenland," observed Shanks. "There's a big crop of bergs each year anyhow."

Sipsook suddenly announced that here was Annootok, and a few moments later they drew in to the rocky shore. Although the twilight of midnight shadowed the sea they had been observed and a crowd of men, women, and children were at the landing place to give them a noisy greeting.

There were many hands to unload the boat and to haul it to a safe place, and Al, Harry,

and Shanks were hospitably invited to spend the night in one of the least crowded *tupeks*. As in all Eskimo habitations the odor was most offensive. Pieces of seal and walrus meat were lying about in various stages of decomposition, and mingled with this odor was that of rancid oil. The lads, however, had become to some extent accustomed to these conditions in visiting the *tupeks* at Etah, and now they were tired and welcomed the opportunity to rest in comparative warmth, for the night was frosty and cold.

A few hours' work on the deserted explorer's hut the following day placed it in fairly habitable condition, though it was not nearly so comfortable as their own shack at Etah. But there was an old stove and some coal, and it was decided that it would answer well enough for a place to stay during short visits to Annootok during the winter.

"I'm for going back to Etah while the going is good," suggested Al. "We can leave our grub here, and come up with some of the Eskimos with dogs later on."

"That's what I say," agreed Harry. "We

can do as much trade there as here anyhow, for all the Eskimos coming here have to pass through Etah."

"We've been havin' a long spell of fine weather," said Shanks. "'Tain't goin' to last. If we're goin' back by boat we'd better be goin' just as quick as ever we can get out'n here, and I think we better go early tomorrow mornin'."

"All right, in the morning as early as we can get away," agreed Al. "I'm homesick for that little old shack at Etah."

"Will Sipsook be ready to go then?" asked Harry. "He won't stay here, will he?"

"I'll ask him," said Shanks. "Etookluk's goin' to stay. I know that. His folks are here."

Sipsook quite agreed that they should return at once, and announced that a young man named Alingwah wished to go with them. This was highly satisfactory, as it would make an ample crew for the boat, should they find it necessary to resort to the oars.

Accordingly they made ready for an early start, and after a few hours sleep, and a hur-

ried breakfast the boat was launched, and amid a tumultuous farewell from the assembled population they set sail for Etah.

"It's just like punkin pie to be goin' back," grinned Shanks, when he had trimmed the sails and settled in the bow of the boat, stretching his long legs comfortably. "The little old shack down at Etah kinder seems homelike after comin' up here."

"That's the way I feel," sighed Al with satisfaction. "Comfort is always a matter of contrast, and what you're used to. Dig your hand in that bag of hard biscuits, Harry, and pass 'em around. I want something to chew on and then I'll feel I've got all I need to complete my comfort. It'll make the Eskimos happy, too."

"And it'll make me happy," laughed Harry, untying the bag. "I couldn't half eat up there in the *tupek* this morning, it smelled so high."

Harry tossed a hardtack biscuit to Al and one to Shanks and to each of the Eskimos, who grinned appreciatively at the unexpected treat.

"That land we can just see over there must be Cape Sabine," said Harry, pointing to a barely visible shore line, as he munched his biscuit. "That's where so many of the Lady Franklin Bay party perished. We'll have to read that book by Greely. It'll make our little hardships seem like nothing. Those fellows were real heroes. I read a part of it on the ship."

There was a fine breeze and they bowled along at good speed, chatting and dozing. At noon they ran ashore, and Sipsook sent Alingwah up the rocks for a kettle of water, and, as formerly, they made tea, and Shanks fried bacon, and, as Al remarked, they had a "cozy enough meal for any ship."

"See them sails" said Shanks in midafternoon. "The wind's fallin', and if she keeps fallin' we'll be at the oars pretty soon."

"And we've been making such good time!" exclaimed Harry. "Isn't it a shame!"

Shanks was right. With ominous suddenness the breeze fell to nearly a dead calm.

"It looks bad," said Shanks, "the wind fallin' so quick."

While the sails were reefed and the masts unstepped and stowed, the Eskimos glanced uneasily at the sky, and up and down the shore. It was evident they were concerned, and Shanks asked them the reason for it. His interpretation of Sipsook's reply was:

"Maybe a big blow coming. Must row hard and find a place to land."

The Eskimos, more than ordinarily anxious, pulled mightily at the oars, and the lads kept the stroke, with Shanks bellowing a chantey:

Away we go on the rolling sea,

Pull, lads, pull!

The land is no place for you and me,

Pull, lads, pull!

We'll sail from Bedford to Kiglepat,

Pull, lads, pull!

We'll gather a cargo rich and fat,

Pull, lads, pull!

We'll get the oil and the ivory too,

Pull, lads, pull!

We'll trade with heathen for fox pelts blue,

Pull, lads, pull!

Though seas are rough into which we go,

Pull, lads, pull!

We'll laugh at the gale and pounding floe,
Pull, lads, pull!
Let other men curse the Northland cold,
Pull, lads, pull!
We'll find in the ice a pot of gold,
Pull, lads, pull!

There was not much music in Shanks' voice, but there was action in the intonation of his chantey. With each "Pull, lads, pull!" Harry and Al joined their voices and their strength and even the Eskimos gave a longer, stronger stroke.

Presently a sloping shore offered a convenient, though not altogether desirable landing place, where the boat was run into a partially sheltered cove, and with all haste the cargo was discharged and carried well out of reach of the breaking seas.

Hardly had this been accomplished when the first blasts of the promised hurricane broke upon them. It came so suddenly that Harry, who was leaning over a box that he had carried back from the boat, was swept from his feet and sent sprawling upon the rocks. The Eskimos had already thrown

themselves prone, with their faces upon their arms, and the lads followed their example.

The wind lifted the boat and turned it over and over until it lodged against a ledge twenty feet inland. Sleeping bags and other articles of equipment were whisked away and the prostrate men were drenched by icy spray.

For half an hour the hurricane raged in all its fury, and then, almost as suddenly as it had risen, the wind fell to no more than a stiff breeze. Then the wet and shivering lads rose and took account of things.

None of their belongings were to be seen, save the stone lamp and some seal meat and blubber, which had been turned out of the boat as it rolled upon the rocks. The masts, with the sails reefed and lashed to them, were also found where they had fallen. The boat itself, it was discovered, had three planks badly smashed, and was unseaworthy.

The temperature had fallen with the wind, and was now below zero. Twilight would fall in an hour, and the lads, soaked from the spray and with chattering teeth, surveyed the wreckage with sinking hearts.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE PERILS OF THE FLOE

THE Eskimos accepted the occurrence as a matter of course. They laughed good-naturedly, and, indeed, were quite as unconcerned as though an Arctic hurricane were a daily and to-be-expected experience. They were, perhaps, congratulating themselves that it had not occurred while they were afloat, for the boat in that case could not have kept from sinking.

All hands turned their attention at once to a search for the scattered cargo. There were three boxes in which food was stored, and these and the heavier equipment were found not far away. The sleeping bags and lighter things had been carried a much longer distance, but in the end they were found lodged against rocks, though the farthest of them was a full half-mile from the boat.

Then a careful examination of the boat was made.

"I can fix her," Shanks assured, "but 'twon't be a very good fix. She'll be all right though to take us to Etah I guess."

"There's one consolation," said Harry. "We're not very far from Etah."

"Like as not," suggested Shanks, "we'll have to go afoot. More'n likely ice'll block us before this wind settles."

In the shelter of a large boulder, with the masts as a support, a tent was improvised from the sails. The Eskimos had salvaged their stone lamp and a quantity of blubber, and when the lamp was lighted and a kettle of water suspended over the flaming oil for tea, Harry declared he had never been so miserably cold in his life.

"So'm I," admitted Shanks, "but it ain't a peek-a-boo to what we're goin' to have bimeby. What I hate is the long night, when winter comes, and the wind blows forty knots an hour, and the snow's so thick a feller can't breathe if he's out in it. I reckon we can't call it cold till it's fifty or sixty below zero! *That's* what freezes a feller's heart out and makes his bones crack."

"I'm dreading that, too," said Al. "I haven't forgotten last winter."

"But we had a bully good time," cheered Harry. "It was worth all the hard knocks."

"And when we get home," grinned Shanks, "we'll be forgettin' all about the tough times and want to get into it again. What a passel of fools men be! I wonder sometimes when I'm here whatever makes a feller want to come back to the Arctic when he gets out of it once."

"I'll tell you what it is," said Al. "Real men like to fight their own way in the world, and up here in the Arctic there is a constant fight against Nature for existence. When a man wins he feels that he's a *man*, able to stand square upon his feet and face the world. He feels that he's done something, and seen and felt something worth while. He comes back to it to feel the thrill of it again, for he learns to love it. Down in the crowded cities a man is just an atom. Here he's a *Thing*, not a mere atom."

"What's that you're saying?" asked Harry, who had stepped out in the gathering dark-

ness to bring into the shelter a bag of sea biscuit.

"I was remarking," said Al, "that in the cities back home a man is just an atom. Here he's a *Thing*, the master of himself and the world he lives in."

"True as anything you ever said," agreed Harry. "But there's something more to it. When I looked up at the sky outside just now, I thought of some verses I read once and liked so well I remembered them. They were written by someone named Sheard:

Beneath the vast illimitable spaces
Where God has set His jewels in array,
A man may pitch his tent in desert places,
Yet know that heaven is not so far away.
But in the city — in the lighted city
Where gilded spires point upward towards
the sky,
And fluttering rags and hunger ask for pity,
Grey Loneliness in cloth-of-gold goes by.

"That does hit it," said Al. "I can't remember that I've ever been really lonely here."

"You're plumb right," agreed Shanks. "A feller's kept too doggoned busy here to get lonesome."

Then they fell silent while they drank hot tea and munched sea biscuits, sharing their food with the Eskimos but refusing the hospitable offer of raw seal meat and blubber urged upon them by their savage companions.

"We may's well turn in and try to get warm," suggested Shanks when their meager meal was ended.

"I'm cold enough and tired enough for it," said Al.

They stretched their sleeping bags upon the rocky floor of the shelter and slipped into them. In the dim, smoky light they lay and watched the Eskimos holding great pieces of dark seal meat in their fists and regularly taking the end between their teeth and cutting the mouthful off at their lips with a knife. And thus, with the Eskimos still gorging upon meat and sea biscuits and tea, the three lads fell into sound and dreamless sleep.

With the combined effort of the five *voyageurs*, nearly two hours were consumed the

following morning in dragging the disabled boat to the water's edge. There, utilizing pieces of one of the boxes, temporary repairs were made. A moderate sea was still running, but the wind had subsided and it was agreed that they should set sail for Etah at once.

Accordingly, the boat was launched, and the cargo stowed. Already Shanks' prediction was fulfilled. Ice was drifting down upon them. Stray pans were rising and falling upon the waves. It was evident that haste was imperative if they were to escape the jam which would presently clog the sea.

A fair breeze permitted the restep of the light masts and then hoisting of the sails, though good seamanship was required to avoid the ice pans which now surrounded them. At length this danger became so threatening that it was found desirable to again reef the sails, unstep the masts and rely upon the oars, which enabled them to maneuver more quickly.

A heavy sea was running. The ice drift was shoreward. On the horizon it appeared

as a solid pack, and in the distance they could see great pans raised upon edge and toppled over by the mighty force of the pack behind, and there came to them, like the roar of distant artillery, the roar of smashing ice.

Vagrant pans that had drifted in advance of the main pack filled the open sea, and surrounded them. Some of these were mere fragments while others were nearly a quarter of a mile in diameter, and several feet in thickness.

To avoid these pans required the utmost skill. They were almost within sight of Etah, after many narrow escapes from the pans, when a roller sent a pan smashing down upon them. With mighty effort the boat was turned sharply, but not quickly enough to escape a glancing blow upon its bow of a projecting corner of the ice pan. There was a crushing and splintering of wood, a rush of water, and a sudden realization that they were sinking in the icy seas.

CHAPTER XIX

THE MAROONED CONSPIRATORS

“’**T**AIN’T human, that’s what I says,” Levine rolled his quid from the right to the left cheek, and then spat vindictively upon the unoffending rocks. “No, sir! No human master of any ship that sails would have done this. Here he up and leaves us to shift with the huskies. I says what I thinks, I does. I says it right out to anybody’s face. He’s the most unhuman master I ever sails with, and I hopes I’ll never sail with another like him, that’s what I says.”

Levine’s auditors made no remarks. Marx and Inkovitch either agreed with him wholly or were in a state of mind that sank them beneath or lifted them above speech. And the smiling Eskimos understood not a word of what he said.

Quite unexpectedly to themselves the three pirates had been loaded into a boat and dumped upon the naked rocks that formed

the shores of Inglefield Gulf. Here they found, piled upon the same rocks, a quantity of stores for their use, including three rifles, three shotguns, and sufficient ammunition for ordinary needs. These had been sent ashore in advance of them, and when they were ordered into the boat that brought them ashore, Captain Mugford had personally advised them that they were to make the most of what they found, adding that they would have to keep busy and that their survival of the winter would depend upon their own exertions, for they were to receive small assistance from the Eskimos. He also added that they might thank the saints that he had not peremptorily hanged them all, as he would have been justified in doing, and that he would call for them and pick them up when the ice cleared during the following summer, for he "wished to see them safely in jail, where they belonged."

It was a gloomy prospect. Levine accepted it in his usual matter-of-fact manner, but his companions, if their present dejected appearance reflected their thoughts, were in a well-nigh hopelessly despondent state of mind.

Levine was simply resentful and hurt that he, a tender, harmless soul, should have been treated with so little consideration.

"We does nothin' to have this put on us," he continued. "Just a scrap. They wouldn't have licked us though, if they'd acted fair. Down they goes to my chest and takes my gun. That wa'n't fair and square now, was it?"

No one answered.

"No, 'twa'n't," he spat emphatically. "'Twa'n't fair, that's what I says, sneakin' into a man's private chest, and takin' his gun. If they hadn't took my gun I'd have plugged the mate and second mate sure. I could have got 'em both easy—dropped 'em at the start off. And they takes your gun too, Marx. That Sky Pilot don't play fair neither. He hits a feller without givin' him a chance to hit back. I'm fair, I am. I wouldn't knock a feller down without givin' him any chance to fight. I'm fair and square every time. That's me."

"We vill all die alreaty," mourned Marx.

"I don't say as we'll die," said Levine. "Leastways not yet. But what I says is, it's

unhuman to leave us here. 'Tain't square. We'll make out though and I reckon we better be startin' in to fix things up."

"I'll get a knife between that Sky Pilot's ribs yet," growled Inkovitch.

"That's the talk now, mate," said Levine admiringly. "I knowed they couldn't put you down for long. That there Sky Pilot ain't fair, that's what I says. He ups and preaches and makes us think he's religious and all the time he's a fighter. That ain't playin' fair, I says."

Levine had spent other winters in the Arctic, and he had sufficient command of the Eskimo tongue to conduct a restricted conversation with his hosts and neighbors. From them he learned that there were three or four vacant winter igloos here and of these he and his friends might choose the one that best suited them. Kuglutook assured them that they were good igloos, and would be found most comfortable—quite equal, indeed, to the best the country afforded.

The Eskimos also volunteered the information that their visitors had fortunately come

to an excellent hunting place. In the waters were walrus, and seals were abundant. Reindeer could be found not far inland. Ducks and other water fowl would be plentiful until cold weather drove the birds southward, and hares and ptarmigans were to be hunted in the country round about.

Kuglutook, Chevik, and a young Eskimo named Edingwah guided them to the vacant igloos, or, as they called them, *igloosoaks*, meaning big igloo, a misnomer at best, for the interior of the largest measured not above twelve feet square. They were built against a hillside and constructed of stones and earth. The entrance was through a stone passageway perhaps thirty feet in length and so low that they were compelled to crawl on hands and knees in going in or out. This was to exclude cold during the winter, when it would be covered deep under the snow.

Within, the igloos were wet and cold, and permeating every corner was the stench of decayed seal meat and rancid oil. It was an odor so offensive as to be nauseating, and Marx and Inkovitch retreated in disgust.

Levine, however, familiar through previous experience with the Eskimo's mode of life, and anticipating both the stench and the general condition of the igloos, inspected thoroughly the three shown them by the Eskimo guides and finally chose the one that he deemed least objectionable.

"We're in luck now, that's what I says," he announced upon rejoining Inkovitch and Marx. "I picks the end one. It's a bit open between the stones, but the snow'll caulk the seams, and we'll find it a snug enough berth when winter comes. We'll heave our anchor right here. It's a fine berth to lay to in, that's what I says."

"I could not liff in such a place!" exclaimed Marx in disgust. "It ees the worst smell I haff alreaty yet smelled in my nose!"

"It is horrible!" Inkovitch burst out. "I thought I must heave up!"

"'Tis a bit rank, that's what I says," consoled Levine, "but it's the best we got, and we'll have to take what we gets. We won't mind a little smell when the weather tightens up."

"But it ees wet!" objected Marx. "We vill die alreaty yet."

"I finds two stone lamps in the one I picks," said Levine. "When we gets 'em goin' they'll dry her out. It's the ups and downs of life, mates. Now we're up and now we're down. Take the downs like the ups, that's what I says. That's me. Take things as they comes, fair winds and foul. That's square and fair now. That's what I says."

But there was no choice. In the end the three pirates accepted with as much grace as their natures would permit the unwholesome quarters allotted them. With a thorough cleaning their igloo was to some extent freed from the objectionable odors and was at least made habitable.

"Here we be," said Levine when they had arranged their possessions and quarters, not to their satisfaction, but to the best of their ability, and returned to a rock outside to drink tea made over an Eskimo lamp and eat hardtack. "Here we be, free as the birds but without so much of comfort as we should have and may have. It was unhuman, I says, to

put us here. *That's* what I says. But I likewise says, it gives us a chance.

"I've a plan now for us to make a bit out of it, and to get away in the end with whole hides. There's a chance, I says, to clean up a bit out of the old man, and have a reckoning with the Stowaways and Shanks.

"'Twas them that took our guns when we was after the whale. 'Twa'n't fair. I can't stand for unfairness, not me. They took the guns and didn't leave us a fair show in the scrap. We've a chance to even up the score, and as I were sayin' make a bit to our profit. I'm a thinkin' man, I am, and I've thought her all out, start to finish.

"The old man without intention ups and gives us our chance. Luck'll come our way if we takes our luck, and I says take her. Take the ups like the downs, that's what I says. That's me, mates."

"What's the luck you're talking about?" growled Inkovitch.

"It's this way," explained Levine. "The old man goes and builds a fine shack at Etah for the Stowaways and Shanks. He fills her

with grub and traders' goods, and sets 'em up in fine shape with as snug and warm a berth as anyone could want. That's the beginnings, says I.

"Etah in straight sailin' is only about eighty knots or thereabouts to the nuth'ard. Near enough and far enough, says I. The huskies has dogs. They ain't like a ship but they'll carry a man straight enough to any port within reason. That's the next thing, says I, not too far and not too near and straight sailin' for dogs.

"We'll get our bearings and when the sailin' comes fair for dogs, we'll p'int our course to Etah. The shack is ours and the things that's in it, grub and all, and we'll do the tradin' with the huskies. There's plenty of room in the sea for the three lads, and they'll make fine eatin' for the seals, if seals like that kind of eatin'. That's what I says. What say you, mates?"

"It vas they, alreaty, vat spoilt our game, und I vill nefer again pe happy vonce till I get's a knife between the ribs of all of them," remarked Marx viciously.

"We have no dogs," objected Inkovitch.

"There's plenty of husky dogs about, and where there's dogs we gets dogs if we wants 'em. That's what I says. That's how I does things. Rough and ready and at 'em. If there's anything around that you wants, take it. That's me. It's as good for me and for you to have what we wants as for anybody. Ain't that so, mates?"

"Where there's dogs there's huskies that own 'em," growled Inkovitch. "We could take the dogs and they're as much ours as theirs if we want 'em. But there'll be ten huskies to one of us, and they'll get us if we take the dogs."

"Right you are, mate," agreed Levine. "We'll hire a husky with his team to haul us and pay him with some of the things in the shack for the cruise. The things are as good as ours now. They belongs to us by rights, that's what I says. Give the huskies a few jimcracks and they'll be fixed. That's me. Pay for what you gets and pay as you goes. Ain't that square, mates? Fair and square and straight dealin'. That's me."

"How'll we get out of the country if we don't go on the *Sea Lion*?" asked Inkovitch. "You know this country and these seas. Tell me that now."

"We'll never let the old man get us on the *Sea Lion* again. Not for me, mates. That's what I says," Levine cut a chew of tobacco from a plug and tucked it into his left cheek. "The old man left a boat with the lads at Etah. We're sailors, we be. Get that, now. All fixed for us, says I, fine and shipshape. We gets the boat and when the ice clears we crosses to Ellesmere Land, over to the west'ard, across the sound. Then we hugs the coast cruisin' to the suth'ard till we runs into a trader. There's sure to be a British trader over there to pick us up. We tells 'em we're lost from our ship, and they takes us aboard and lands us in England or Scotland. We has the furs and ivory from the trade at Etah, and we're fixed good enough to make another start. That's the course I lays out on the chart. That's me. Lay your course out ahead and then follow the course. That's what I says."

"It ess not so pad a vay to do," said Marx hopefully. "Levine, you haff a goot head alreaty."

"Too many huskies around," objected Inkovitch. "The plan is a good one though."

"Now you speaks sense," Levine spat thoughtfully. "In the last of the winter when the days come long the huskies goes musk ox huntin' to the nuth'ard. When they're through the hunt they cruises to the suth'ard in their sledges. When they passes this port we'll find out how many of 'em is still anchored to the nuth'ard. We'll keep a weather eye to things, we will. Then we'll get one of 'em with dogs to take us cruisin' to the nuth'ard. How's that, mates?"

"There'll be some of 'em in the north, and they'll be in our way," suggested Inkovitch.

"We all has rifles and know the way to use 'em. That's what I says. Here, take a chaw, Inkovitch, it's good to help a feller think things out," and Levine passed his plug of tobacco to Inkovitch, who cut a liberal chew and passed the plug on to Marx. "The few huskies as are left to the nuth'ard won't count,

says I. We'll send 'em cruisin' with their sledges to the suth'ard and if they don't go, it's easy to pot 'em off. We know how. Then we'll be off in the boat before trouble comes lookin' for us. That's me, do things, that's what I says. Do 'em right and fair."

"Und first we put the knife into the ribs of those Stowaways and Shanks," growled Marx vindictively.

"Sure!" assented Levine good-naturedly. "And after we've stuck 'em we'll heave 'em in the sea for a long bath. Anything you likes, mates. That's me, always ready to please folks."

"We'll wait for long days in the spring then," agreed Inkovitch. "It's a good plan, Levine, and a fair chance to make our get-away. If the old man ever gets us back on the *Sea Lion* he'll have us in prison, and I don't intend to go to prison."

"None of us does, mates, and there's no call for it," said Levine confidently. "No prisons for us. Rough and ready, free and easy, go where we wants to, says I. That's me, mates. Be our own master, up and down

and all the time. Take the downs when they come, and the ups when they come, and square our sails away for the best breeze that blows."

And thus the plan of the pirates was roughly laid, to be worked out in finer details in the dark weeks of the Arctic night.

CHAPTER XX

A CRY IN THE NIGHT

SIPSOOK and Alingwah were on the ice pan in an instant, clinging to the bow of the boat, and lifting it.

“Jump for it,” shouted Al, and Harry and Shanks followed the Eskimos while Al remained in the boat to pass out to Harry and Shanks their sleeping bags and packages of provisions as well as the blubber, seal meat, and stone lamp belonging to the Eskimos. Then he followed to the ice pan, thoroughly water soaked as were his companions and the cargo.

Fortunately they were on the lee side of the ice pan. Otherwise the transference of the cargo would have been much more difficult, if not impossible. The pan was fully thirty yards in diameter, and solid enough to offer present protection.

With the effort of all hands the bow of the

boat was elevated to raise the breach above the water line, and here it was held while Shanks bailed out the water. Thus lightened, the boat was finally hauled upon the pan and drawn sufficiently far from the edge to escape the flying spray.

The breach was partially below the water line on the starboard bow. Sipsook and Alingwah examined it, and after a lengthy discussion, Alingwah knocked one of the boxes apart with a hatchet that Shanks had fortunately included in the equipment and drew the nails. Utilizing the boards and nails, the Eskimos applied a sheathing over the breach on the outside. This done, they packed the hole on the inside with seal blubber and with the remaining boards sealed the breach on the inside. Thus the oily blubber, plugging the hole, was held firmly in place by the outside and inside sheathing.

When repairs were completed the boat was again launched and, though it leaked slightly at the damaged point, it was deemed sufficiently seaworthy to complete the voyage to Etah.

Ice was accumulating and haste was imperative. The cargo was stowed, and the shivering lads were glad enough an hour later to pull into Etah and seek the warmth of the shack. And presently, when Al had lighted a fire in the stove, and in response to Shanks' efforts coffee and frying bacon filled the room with delicious odor, Harry could not restrain the remark:

"This *is* a bully fine place, now isn't it, fellows? It's cozy enough for anybody and a good place to stick close to."

They busied themselves during the following weeks hunting sea fowl, ptarmigans, and Arctic hares, and storing for the winter such of the game as they could not immediately use, for the weather was already cold enough to freeze and keep it sweet.

As snow began to accumulate, they set fox traps in the surrounding country, and both guns and traps yielded them well.

One day they were so fortunate as to kill four reindeer, which they came upon unexpectedly in a valley two or three miles from camp. The Eskimos harnessed their dogs to

the sledges and hauled the carcasses to Etah. The lads divided the meat with them and to both Eskimos and white men the venison came as a welcome addition to their supply of fresh food.

One midnight in the middle of August and a few days before the *Sea Lion* left, the sun dipped for the first time below the horizon. Following this came a midnight twilight, and then midnight darkness, with day rapidly shortening and the night, with corresponding rapidity, increasing in length.

With the shortening days came storms of terrific fury and steadily increasing cold. In mid-September a blizzard burst upon the barren wilderness one night, and during the three days that it raged the young men found it unsafe to venture a dozen feet from the door.

While they were thus held prisoners in the shack, Harry brought forth the books and boxing gloves given him by the Sky Pilot. Though the space was narrow for boxing, they nevertheless had some rare fun with the gloves, and many profitable hours were spent

with the books. Harry and Al, by turns, read aloud from Greely's *Three Years of Arctic Service*. They traveled with the explorers in imagination, more real because they were in the very country now themselves. They felt the thrill that Lockwood and Brainard must have felt upon reaching the farthest northern point that man ever had reached. And they suffered with the intrepid explorers at Cape Sabine during the dark days of disaster, when one after another of the brave men fell victim to starvation and was carried away to his long and lonely sleep on the ice-clad rocks, far from home and friends.

When, finally, the sky cleared, and they were free to go out again and look about them, the lads discovered that the little auks and other birds had abandoned their rookeries in the cliffs, and with them all the sea fowl had disappeared, not to return again until the long months of winter were at an end. With the going of the birds a new desolation fell upon the land. The birds had linked them in a way with their far-off home, and now after the flocks had gone the lads

felt much as a man feels who has been deserted by life-long friends.

Intense and bitter cold followed the storm, and the gale had set in motion a southern drift of ice on Smith Sound filling the days and nights with the roar and thunder of crashing, pounding pans. The dark, long winter was at hand, and the Eskimos made final preparations to meet it. Sipsook, Mukluk, Alingwah, and four other families moved at once from their skin *tupeks* into the warmer igloos, which were now deeply covered by snowdrifts, while the remaining Eskimos harnessed their dogs to sledges and drove away to the northward to their winter homes at Annootok.

The transfer of the Eskimos from *tupeks* to igloos was celebrated by an impressive religious ceremony in Sipsook's igloo. The removal to the igloos marked, with them, the end of the season of plenty and the eve of a fierce struggle through a long winter, for existence. Darkness came early, and the three lads were just finishing a belated supper by candlelight, when there floated in to

them above the sound of crashing ice, the voices of women moaning and sobbing and breaking in hysterical wails and lamentations. As quickly as possible, the lads donned their warm clothing and hurried out.

On the ice foot, not far away, stood a woman, with arms extended toward the ice-bound sea, sobbing as though her heart would break. In the darkness of the previous winter, her husband had been lost out there while hunting. Beyond was another woman, with a baby in the hood of her *kule-tar*, mourning the loss of her little boy who, in the spring, had slipped into the sea from the ice foot and was drowned. At intervals, along the ice foot, were others, all mourning the loss of loved ones that the black waters had swallowed and taken from them.

"It makes a feller feel like cryin', too," said Shanks in subdued and reverent voice as the three stole quietly away.

"What makes them all cry so just at this time?" asked Harry.

"It's their way of believin'," explained Shanks. "These folks thinks that when the

ice closes over the sea it covers the spirits of them that's drowned and keeps 'em down. The ice has about covered Smith Sound, and there ain't much open water left, and that means to 'em that their folks that's drowned ain't goin' to have a chance to come up and look around till the ice breaks up again next spring. It's a sort of religion with 'em."

"It is a gloomy thought for them if they believe it," said Al.

"They believe it," assured Shanks.

"Don't the men believe it, too?" asked Al.

"Course they do," said Shanks, "but they don't take on about it like the women. They're havin' their powwow up in Sipsook's igloo. Let's go up and see it."

"Let's do," agreed Harry.

Shanks led the way, crawling through the long tunnel that led into Sipsook's igloo. Within, the igloo was lighted by three stone lamps, in which moss served for wicks and seal oil for fuel, casting a weird, smoky illumination. An air of solemnity pervaded the place, and the lads quietly seated themselves at one side. Sipsook, in a half chant, dancing

and moving his body to and fro, at the same time was relating the history of a successful hunt. Then followed others, each in the same wild singsong chant, recounting some big event of the year, some achievement in hunting, or the passing of a notable storm. While they danced and shouted, they moved their arms in frantic gesticulations, and now and again their high-pitched voices broke into uncontrollable sobs, or they laughed hysterically.

When each had chanted his story and finished his fantastic dance, the men sat down, exhausted and silent. Presently Sipsook passed a remark, and in a little while the characteristic good nature of the simple people asserted itself, and they were laughing and chatting as happily as ever when the women, wiping away their tears, came back from their mourning on the shore.

"What did it all mean?" asked Al as he and Harry and Shanks walked down to their shack.

"I dunno," said Shanks. "It's some of their heathen rigmarole. They gets these spells

along about this time when the days gets short and the sun's gettin' ready to go. I kinder figger it this way. They feel blue when they thinks of not havin' the sun for so long, and it brings down on 'em a feelin' that the Lord Almighty is pretty close to the world. Not the Lord Almighty we think about, but some sort of spirit that has a lot to do with 'em. They're superstitious critters."

"Are they really heathen?" asked Harry. "Won't they worship as white people do?"

"Eighteen-carat heathen," laughed Shanks. "They never had anybody to tell 'em about God Almighty except the explorers, and I reckon the explorers that have knocked around these parts wa'n't much up on religion. Leastways the trail they've left behind 'em don't show it. Anyway they were pretty doggoned stingy of it if they had any religion in their systems. But I guess most of 'em didn't have any more than they needed themselves, and they never gave enough of it away to speak of."

"What is the Eskimo's religion?" asked Al. "Do you know anything about it, Shanks?"

"There was an old feller on the ship when I was up here before told me somethin' about it," said Shanks. "There's a big boss spirit and a lot of little spirits. They think there's a little one in most every corner and the boss spirit orders the little ones to cut up ructions with folks. Whenever he takes a notion to get mad he has the little ones drive the seals and walrus away so there's no huntin', and that makes the folks hungry. Sometimes he kicks up storms, or drives the hunters on treacherous ice which breaks up, carrying them far out to sea. Everything that's bad they lay to him. If he's feelin' good, he leaves 'em be and don't kick up trouble for 'em. That's the best he does.

"These goin's on we've just seen was maybe a sort of pacifyin' performance to keep these bad spirits quiet and satisfied for the winter. They don't worship these spirits. They're just afraid of 'em. They don't have any good spirits to worship."

"How strange!" remarked Harry.

Shanks was increasing his Eskimo vocabulary, and Al and Harry, devoting themselves

to acquiring a working knowledge of the language, were soon able to converse fairly well and understood when selected words and phrases were directed to them. Long residence and experience is necessary to grasp the Eskimo tongue sufficiently to acquire its peculiar idioms, and to take part in a running conversation between the people themselves. Two Eskimo boys, Emuk and Sookinuk, were frequent visitors at the shack, and their association was of vast assistance to the young men in their study.

One day in October the Eskimo boys came smiling into the shack to ask their white friends to go fishing with them. Each was armed with a spear and each displayed a small fish carved from ivory and attached to the end of a long thong.

"How are you going to fish?" asked Al.

One of the boys, holding the thong in his left hand, dangled it up and down and with his spear poised in his right hand, his eyes centered on the ivory fish. Suddenly the spear shot forth, and raising it, he went through the motions of removing a fish from

its barbed point, laughing heartily at his pantomime.

"Well, by gum!" exclaimed Shanks, who had been watching the performance with interest. "They're goin' to spear 'em, but how in tarnation they're goin' to find any fish to spear with everything froze up tighter'n a drum beats me, and I'm goin' to find out."

Sookinuk asked Shanks to bring an ax and the Eskimo boys led the way back over the hills for a mile, when they came upon a frozen pond, and proceeded to cut two holes in the ice. This required considerable time for the ice was already nearly two feet thick. But at length water was reached, and immediately, in high anticipation, the fishing began, each at his hole dangling his ivory fish in the water, spear poised and ready.

Suddenly a fish rose in Sookinuk's hole and struck at the ivory lure. The spear darted forward and Sookinuk drew forth a big trout firmly impaled upon the spear point. Laughing heartily he removed it and threw it upon the ice, shouting to Emuk that the first fish was his.

"Why that's easier'n fishin' with a hook and line!" exclaimed Shanks, reaching for the spear. "Le' me try it. I can do it."

Sookinuk good-naturedly delivered lure and spear to Shanks who, highly excited, began industriously bobbing the ivory up and down. A trout made a lunge at the lure. Shanks struck with the spear but he was a fraction of a second too late, or his spear did not point true, and he drew it back naked. He tried again and again, but with no better result, to the vast amusement of Sookinuk. At length he returned the spear and lure to the Eskimo boy, who speared fish after fish with precision and certainty.

"It looks easy, but 'tain't," Shanks remarked to Al and Harry, who had been having sport at Shanks' expense. "It just shows what a feller can learn to do by practice. These fellers have practiced till they do it every time without missin'."

"Anyhow," said Harry, "we'll have fresh trout for a treat."

They had brought their guns and, leaving the Eskimo boys fishing, tramped away over



The spear darted forward and Sookinuk drew forth a big trout

the hills in search of ptarmigans. When they returned to the fishing holes after a tour of the valley the Eskimo boys had two big piles of trout on the ice and gave them enough to last them for a fortnight.

As the days passed the sun clung closer and closer to the horizon, as though afraid to lift its face into the fearful cold that was tightening its grip upon the earth. Terrific storms swept land and sea. The air was filled with clouds of blinding, swirling snow, and little hunting was possible. Every day the sun sank lower and lower until a time came when at midday it barely rose above the southeastern horizon.

At noon on the twenty-fifth of October the lads gathered with the people for a last glimpse of the glowing ball as its upper limb appeared for a few moments and then sank into the sea not to reappear again for one hundred and sixteen days. All stood in mournful silence for a little, and then, still in silence, the Eskimos retreated to the igloos and the lads to their shack.

The gloom thickened. For a time there

was twilight, and at the hour when the sun would have marked the hour of noon had it still been visible, a rich and wondrous glow of brilliant reds and yellows illumined the southern sky.

With the going of the sun the storms ceased and the ice-jammed sea lay quiet. Sea animals were now seldom seen. A deathlike silence fell upon the world. When the wind stirred, it moaned and sobbed among the ice-clad rocks. The atmosphere seemed charged with some unseen terrible power that was about to embrace the universe and crush it out of existence.

Gloom and deep depression settled upon the people. The Eskimos ceased to laugh, and went silently about their tasks or crouched brooding by their smoky lamps in the igloos. The grim hand of the long night, with its ever-present threat of starvation and disaster, lay heavily upon them. They seemed always about to weep. Their spirits were weighed down and crushed by the subtle sadness of the stalking spirit of night. Even the dogs were affected by the mysterious Presence, and one

of them went mad one day and was killed by its half-mad master.

One evening, long after retiring, the lads were still lying awake in their sleeping bags, when suddenly there broke upon the night a shriek of human agony, followed in startling and quick succession by another and another. They were horrible, appalling shrieks and, paralyzed for a moment by the awful terror of the screams none spoke or moved.

CHAPTER XXI

THE MAN WITH A KNIFE

THEY sprang out of their bunks and slipping on their clothes hurried out of the cabin. Meanwhile the shrieks continued, but each successive one came from a greater distance.

For a moment they stood under the stars in breathless silence and listened. The night was still and bitterly cold. The moon was shining and in its weird light the snow assumed an uncanny greenish whiteness. The air was filled with shimmering rime, hanging suspended in space like a veil of spun silver, beyond which, white and spectral, rose the mighty icebergs of Smith Sound, looking now like fantastic castles of some ghostly land.

Down from the igloos Eskimos were running. Suddenly from seaward came the cry again, shrill and penetrating at first, but trailing into a long pathetic wail that sent a thrill

of horror down the young men's spines. Looking in the direction from which the cry came they discerned through the frost veil and well out upon the ice field, a dark floundering figure.

Following the Eskimos, they also ran down and over the ice foot¹ and out upon the frozen surface of the sea. It was not a long chase, for the poor creature was making a wavering and uncertain course. When the lads overtook the Eskimos they found them struggling with Korluk's *kooner* who had become suddenly afflicted with *problokto*, a temporary madness that sometimes attacks the Eskimos directly preceding or during the long Arctic night. When the insanity came upon Songwe she had rushed from Korluk's igloo screaming, and, as is frequently the case, out toward the sea in an effort to throw herself into the icy depths.

Already the madness was leaving her, and almost as suddenly as it came it disappeared and sanity returned. The superhuman

¹ This is a strip of ice skirting the shore, and formed by the rising and falling of the tide.

strength, which she had exerted while the frenzy was upon her, deserted her and she lay limp and weak in the hands of her friends, and was led back willingly to her igloo.

The following morning, when the three young men called at Korluk's igloo to inquire after his wife's health, they found Songwe attending to her duties as usual and apparently in perfect health. No one referred to the previous evening's experience. It had come and gone as a matter of course. Before the sun should again reappear with its blessed light and warmth and health-giving powers the lads were to witness *problokto* insanity often enough among their neighbors.

Sunshine is quite as necessary to the development and health of human life as to plant life. Plants will grow white and puny without it. The human brain will lose its power if kept in perpetual shadow. A room from which sunshine is always excluded, where the sun never purifies the atmosphere with its wonderful chemical action, is an unfit place

in which to live or sleep. Here in our own kindlier land we should forever be thankful for the broad green fields and never-ending sunshine always within our reach to enjoy.

When at length the true darkness of the long night had settled in all its black somberness upon the Arctic world, and the people had grown accustomed to it, the old cheerful spirit and light-hearted optimism of the Eskimos reasserted itself and the gloom lifted from the igloos. Men and women began to laugh again as they went about the hard task of garnering a living from the frozen sea and land.

The three lads spent much of their time watching the men carve dogs and bears and other trinkets out of ivory for playthings for the little ones; and the women preparing skins, and with marvelous dexterity making garments and sealskin boots for the hunters. Even the children lent assistance in this by chewing the edges of the dry skins until they were soft and pliable for the mother's needle.

With the first indications of a new moon

the men became suddenly active. Dog harness was brought forth and mended. Sledges were repaired and harpoons were put in order. Then with the first light of the young moon they harnessed their dogs to sledges, and, leaving their families in the igloos, were off to the hunt, to return again, with sledges laden with meat, when the light of the old moon waned.

The Eskimos, ever restless and active, permitted no opportunity to hunt pass them. Whenever moonlight was sufficient, and sometimes when there was no moon, they were away after walrus and seals. There were many mouths to feed, and in this land men must not be idle if they would live.

The Eskimos were preparing for a second expedition with the appearance of another new moon, and when all was made ready Sipsook and Korluk came down to the shack to invite their white friends to accompany them upon a hunt to Humboldt Glacier, one hundred miles to the northward of Annootok. Korluk, Alingwah, and Netuah, a young man of the settlement, were also to take their teams.

"I dunno's we want to go with 'em, do we?" said Shanks, doubtfully. "It'll be a tough trip. The easiest of the Eskimos' huntin' trips ain't punkin pie. They never sleeps much and they never gets tired. Mostly they don't take time to build a snow igloo, and just cuddle up in a snowdrift like the dogs, when they wants a snooze. I ain't hankerin' fer it."

"Neither am I," agreed Al. "I had all I wanted of it last winter."

"We might go as far as Annootok and stay there till they come back," suggested Harry. "We want to go up sometime this winter."

"What do you say, Shanks?" asked Al. "Shall we go to Annootok? I'm for it."

"All right!" grinned Shanks, amiably.

Sipsook announced that the dogs would be harnessed at once, and that the party would start as soon as they could make ready. He and Korluk volunteered to take the three sleeping bags to lash upon the sledges, while their friends prepared for the journey.

"We'd better put on the warmest things we've got," suggested Shanks when the

Eskimos, bearing the sleeping bags, had departed. "It's fifty below zero, and it ain't goin' to be any summer picnic party."

Each donned fresh woolen underwear, a pair of heavy, knit woolen socks, over those a pair of heavy woolen duffle socks, and finally a pair of hareskin socks, a birdskin shirt, bearskin trousers, a reindeer-skin *kuletar*, sealskin boots, a foxskin cap over which they drew the hood of the *kuletar*, and lastly sealskin mittens lined with two pairs of heavy duffle mittens.

When they reached the igloos the dogs were already harnessed and, howling and straining at their traces, ready for the adventure. The people of the igloos were gathered about the sledges to say farewell and everyone was laughing and talking. Al was directed to travel with Sipsook's sledge, Harry with Korluk's, and Shanks with Alingwah's. The drivers "broke" the sledges loose, shouting, "Auk! Auk!" to the dogs, and away the four sledges dashed.

There were fourteen dogs in Sipsook's team, twelve in Korluk's, and ten in each of

the others. After the manner of dogs they began the journey in a wild run, with sledges swaying from side to side as they passed over the uneven ice. Presently, however, they settled down to a sober trot, while the Eskimo drivers, pulling the prow of the sledge one way or pushing it another with marvelous dexterity, avoided rocks and ice blocks. Sometimes on down grades, to retard speed they threw their weight upon the sledges and dug their heels into the ice. At other times, when the dogs lagged, they snapped their whips over the team, clipping the dogs with the end of the cruel lash, while they shouted, "Auk! Auk!" to urge them forward.

The course lay northward upon the surface of the ice foot. Sometimes it was a broad highway, at others so narrow that the utmost skill was required by the drivers to guide the sledge and prevent it from sliding into the sea, for with a receding tide there is usually a gap of open water between the ice pack and the ice foot. This was the case now, and the swish of the water could be heard beneath them and a black chasm was visible reaching

along the shore in contrast to the white field of ice.

At one point the ice foot was so narrow that the sledges were forced to descend to the frozen sea. The drivers chose a point where the chasm of water was bridged, and with a sharp and exciting descent one team after another dropped upon the sea ice. A little later they came upon an island which Harry declared was Littleton Island.

Sipsook and Alingwah, while the others remained with the sledges, mounted the ice foot of the island shore, presently to return with some hard frozen duck eggs extracted from caches made the previous summer. Sipsook offered some of them to the lads.

"Too cold for me," said Al, declining Sipsook's hospitality.

"And too much meat in 'em for me," grinned Shanks. "I've seen 'em eat them kind of eggs before, and mostly they're about half hatched, with young ducks inside."

"Thanks for the hint," laughed Harry, returning one he had accepted.

The Eskimos each placed a whole egg in

his capacious mouth. When the warmth of the mouth had extracted the frost sufficiently, he removed the egg, took off the shell, and sucked the dainty morsel much as a child would suck candy, and apparently with as much relish.

The luncheon ended, the sledges pushed forward again. It was terribly cold. A bitter, cutting wind blew down upon them from the snow-clad land, and turned the breath of the travelers into ice. Now and again the lads were forced to pick ice from their eyelashes that they might see, and this was always a painful operation.

For a little way the sea ice was clogged by pressure ridges, and here everyone pulled and hauled and lifted at the sledges to assist the dogs, until they again mounted to the ice foot, ascending with much labor. For many hours they traveled, now on the ice foot, now over inland wastes.

Finally a hill was climbed with stupendous effort on the part of dogs and men, and then descended with hair-raising speed. Then suddenly they heard the distant howl of dogs,

their own teams broke into a run, and a few minutes later they came to a halt before the old explorer's shack at Annootok, which they had repaired some weeks before. Sipsook, laughing good-naturedly, announced that now they could rest.

"Well by gum, I'm ready fer it!" declared Shanks. "I don't know how my feet be, they're so far off to the other end of me, but the rest of me's about froze."

"I'm so tired and cold I can hardly move," said Al.

"And I guess we're all hungrier'n whales," grinned Shanks. "Let's get a fire started and some coffee and bacon on."

"That hits me. That's the finest thing I've heard since we left Etah," broke in Harry enthusiastically as the three groped their way into the dark shack, and Shanks lighted a candle.

It was quite as cold inside as out-of-doors, but in a little while the fire Shanks started began to radiate comfort, and huddled close to the stove they released the ice of their frozen breath from eyebrows and eyelashes.

Then, while Al filled a kettle with ice to melt for coffee, Shanks sliced an ample pan of bacon.

"Isn't this comfortable and fine?" remarked Harry when at length Shanks filled their cups with fragrant coffee and they gathered around an upturned box to feast upon bacon and hardtack.

"If your maw set this kind of a meal in front of you back home I reckon you'd think she was treatin' you rough," grinned Shanks.

"You're right," laughed Harry. "I'd think it wasn't much back home, but here it seems the finest in the world."

"It's the contrast," said Al. "This is so much more comfortable than it is out there following the sledge that by comparison it seems luxurious. Down home we live in luxury all the time, so that anything to appeal to us must be superluxurious."

"That's one reason men like it here, I suppose," observed Harry. "The contrast comes every day. Whenever I go into the shack at Etah, after being out for an hour or two in the cold, I think it's about as snug and cozy

and luxurious as anything possibly could be. I never felt that way at home when I went indoors."

"Fellers," said Shanks. "I never want to be so rich that I can have anything I want by just goin' out and buyin' it when I want it. I always want to feel the way I did when my paw gave me a new pair of shoes when I was a little feller. I'd been wantin' them shoes so bad I was most tickled to death with 'em, and I took 'em to bed with me the first night I had 'em. I'd have took 'em to bed after that only I'd worn 'em and maw said they'd dirty the sheets, and wouldn't let me."

"You had a lot more enjoyment from your pair of new shoes than Harry here ever had from anything," laughed Al. "His mother let him have anything he wanted when he asked for it, even to an automobile."

"I'll admit it," grinned Harry. "I never got much pleasure out of anything because nothing was ever denied me. I wish my mother had denied me things, so that I could have enjoyed some things as much as you did the shoes, Shanks."

"I'm glad my folks wa'n't rich," said Shanks, "and I never want to be so rich I won't have to work. The signs say I won't be, and I'm kinder superstitious about believin' signs like that."

"I hope you'll always have enough, and no more than enough, to make you happy, Shanks," laughed Al. "Do you know, fellows," Al consulted his watch, "we were eighteen hours coming up from Etah. No wonder we're hungry as wolves and dead tired."

"Let's turn in," suggested Harry, yawning, when the meal was ended, "and I'm for going back to Etah the first chance."

"Hello!" exclaimed Al, "here comes somebody!"

Two young Eskimos entered the door, and greeted them. Both were strangers. Without formality they seated themselves upon the edge of a bunk, and one of them asked for tea.

Shanks explained that they had no tea brewed and the coffee was gone, and that they were tired and were going to sleep, but if

they would come later, when he and his friends had rested, he would brew tea for them. Then he gave them some hardtack biscuits, and dismissed them.

"Them Eskimo fellers never seem to get tired themselves, and they don't think anybody else does," remarked Shanks, placing the candle and some matches near the head of his bunk, as was his custom, and slipping into his sleeping bag.

"They didn't like it when you asked 'em to go," said Harry. "One of them seemed all right, but the other looked sullen."

"Well I guess they'll get over it. I'm goin' to douse the glim. You fellers ready?" asked Shanks.

Both were ready, and Shanks put the light out, and in a moment all were asleep.

It was several hours later when Shanks awoke with a start, and with the consciousness that someone was in the room. It was intensely dark, and bitterly cold. He rose on an elbow and listened, but could hear no sound, and presently deciding that the impression was the result of a dream he turned

over to sleep again. But he was so wide awake, and the impression was so keen, that he found it necessary to satisfy himself that he was mistaken.

Sitting up noiselessly and reaching for a match, he struck it. As the flame flared up and cast a dim radiance over the room, he saw the figure of a man with a knife in his hand, crouching near the door.

CHAPTER XXII

POOTAH, THE COWARD

APPLYING the match in his right hand to the candle wick, Shanks reached with his left hand for his rifle, which by force of habit he had placed in his bunk, behind his sleeping bag. As the candle wick caught the fire, Shanks swung the rifle around. Resting it upon his lap, with the muzzle pointing toward the intruder, he took a long look at the figure crouching by the door. The man did not move, and for several minutes neither spoke, while Shanks, holding him covered by the rifle, eyed him curiously.

“Well, by hickory! ain’t you goin’ to get up so a feller can see your face?” exclaimed Shanks at last. “Who be you anyhow?”

Still the man said nothing, and Shanks, realizing that, being an Eskimo, he had not understood, repeated the questions in the man’s own tongue.

"I came for tea," answered the stranger, in Eskimo, at the same time rising.

In his upright position the light shone upon his face, and Shanks recognized him as the sullen one of the two callers who had been dismissed.

"Why did you come while we were asleep and with an open knife in your hand?" asked Shanks.

"You have slept long and I brought the knife to cut shavings from your wood to make a fire that you and your friends might be warm when you arose from your beds."

"What's the rumpus?" asked Al, suddenly waking and sitting up.

Shanks explained in English what had taken place, adding:

"What the feller came for was to stick us with the knife because he was mad at the way I turned him out. Lucky I caught him before he had a chance. There ain't many Eskimos like that, but I've heard of 'em before. I'll bet he's a no-good sort of feller."

"We'll have to believe him though," advised Al, consulting his watch. "We've

been sleeping nine hours, and we may as well get up. Why not let him start the fire for us?"

"Guess that's sense," agreed Shanks, and addressing the Eskimo he told him to light the fire and put over a kettle of ice for tea, and they would have breakfast.

The Eskimo's sullen manner and resentment disappeared when he had eaten bacon and hardtack and greedily disposed of several cups of hot tea, and when he left the shack he was in the best of humor.

"They're just children," observed Al. "He'd have done us harm if you hadn't seen him first, Shanks. Now he's our friend. He had a grouch because you denied him tea when he was here before."

"I'll bet he's just what I said, a no-good feller," said Shanks. "Likelier'n not he's too lazy to do much huntin' and the other Eskimos kinder treat him rough, and he's soured on things."

Shanks' estimate of the Eskimo's character was correct. Upon inquiry it was found that Pootah had the reputation of being a

shiftless and ambitionless creature who existed upon the labors and through the kindness of his neighbors, a type common enough among civilized peoples, but rare among Eskimos. His neighbors said he was a coward, afraid to hunt big game like the rest of them. They laughed when his name was mentioned and said he was a woman and only hunted hares, and birds, and foxes, which were harmless creatures. He never had killed a bear or walrus or narwhal, they said, or done anything worthy a man, or anything that called for courage. He was the butt of the settlement, and the people teased and tormented him, and he, on his part, resenting the jibes, stubbornly declined to go forth with the hunters to try his mettle.

All this was learned from two old men and the women, who with the exception of Pootah were the only ones remaining about the settlement. While the three lads slept, Sipsook and his party, with several others, had departed to the northward, and the remainder of the Annootok men were taking advantage of the growing moonlight to hunt walrus.

The shack at Annootok was not comfortable, and the days spent at the settlement, while the lads awaited the return of their friends to take them back to Etah, were tedious. Pootah came regularly for tea and food, sat in silence for a little, and departed.

"He makes me think of the under dog in a pack," remarked Al when the Eskimo left them after one of these visits. "I feel sorry for him."

"I reckon he don't deserve to have anybody feel bad over him," said Shanks. "He's just a plain no-account feller."

"He acts to me like someone who had lost his spirit and ambition because nobody had faith in him," said Al. "What do you think of him, Harry?"

"Just an ordinary loafer," answered Harry.

"It isn't natural for an Eskimo to be a loafer, or to be so quiet and sullen," insisted Al. "I'm going to ask him to go out with me, and I'll treat him as though I had confidence in him."

When Pootah came again, Al talked to him and treated him with all the considera-

tion that he would have given the best hunter in the country. Pootah responded. Like the stray dog that is patted on its head, he literally fawned. His changed attitude was pathetic. He followed Al about, and no service was too great for him to render his new friend. Harry and Shanks were touched, and they, too, adopted an attitude of greater consideration toward the man, though it was plain Al held the first place in his affection.

Al and Pootah took many walks together in the moonlight of the Arctic night and sometimes Harry and Shanks accompanied them. Through him they learned much of the language and saw a great deal of the surrounding country, and they found that he was, indeed, a keen observer.

It was on one of these occasions when Al and Pootah fell upon an adventure that proved Pootah's friendship and loyalty. The moon was beginning to wane, but still shone brightly. The two descended the ice foot to the sea ice and set forth toward some distant icebergs that Al desired to see at close range.

Pootah carried a spear, but Al was unarmed, for they had no expectation of meeting game. They had passed a large iceberg and were approaching another when Pootah suddenly stopped and whispered:

"Taokoo! Taokoo! Nannook!" (Look! Look! A bear!)

Al looked in the direction indicated by Pootah, and discovered a great white bear between two diminutive icebergs. The bear was busily feeding upon the carcass of a small seal, and was apparently unconscious of the approach of Al and Pootah.

"Just stand still," directed Al, excitedly. "I'll steal around the berg and see how close I can get to him before he sees me."

"No! No!" protested Pootah. "If you startle him while he's eating, and get close to him, he'll think you have him cornered and he'll fight you."

But paying no heed, Al began cautiously to stalk the bear, passing around the iceberg until he had approached within twenty feet of the bear.

Suddenly the animal lifted its great head,

looked for a moment at Al in startled fear and anger, gave a bellow of rage, and before Al could turn and run, charged down upon him.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE END OF THE LONG NIGHT

Pootah, silent as a shadow, had followed Al, and was at his side. Conscious of the peril in which Al, in foolhardy enthusiasm, was placing himself, he had done this that he might stand between his friend and any threatened danger from the bear.

Like a faithful dog that knows no fear when its master's safety is at stake, Pootah sprang forward, between Al and the infuriated beast, at the moment the animal charged. With spear raised, he made a lunge and caught the bear under the left shoulder. This seemed to hold it for a moment and to draw its attention from Al to Pootah, and Pootah shouted to Al to run.

But Al did not run. Wholly unarmed and unable to lend the Eskimo assistance he stood aside and helplessly witnessed the struggle that followed.

Pootah, nimble as a panther, leaped from

side to side to avoid repeated charges of the bear. With his spear he made thrust after thrust, though he seemed unable to reach a vital spot. The bear was sadly wounded and the ice was becoming red with its blood. But at last there came an opening and the spear sank deep into the animal's side.

To Al's horror he heard the spear shaft snap. Pootah was unable to escape the bear's onrush, and in an instant was, with bare hands, struggling for his life with the animal. Then Al saw the Eskimo draw his long knife, and while with his left arm he held the bear close to avoid its teeth and claws, he slashed at its neck with the knife held in his right hand.

The bear had lost much blood and spent its strength. Pootah, clothing torn and flesh gashed by the bear's long claws, but smiling triumphantly, arose from the carcass of his enemy. He had killed the bear; he had saved his friend's life; and he had proved that he was not a coward.

Al was weak with excitement, and he was much concerned for Pootah's wounds. He

urged the Eskimo to hurry back to the shack with him that he might bandage them. Pootah, however, would have none of it. He must needs skin the bear at once, and then fetch the dogs and sledge to haul his game to the settlement and let the people see with their own eyes the thing he had done. They would no longer taunt him and call him a coward. When they saw the bear he had killed with a spear and knife and witnessed his own wounds, it would never again be said that Pootah was a woman. He had shown his mettle, and no man could have done better.

"It's just as I said," remarked Al later, after Pootah's wounds had been dressed and he had departed from the shack. "They've laughed at him and called him a woman because at some time when he began hunting, as a boy perhaps, he may have shown the white feather. He lost his self-respect through these torments. They made him believe he was a coward and could do nothing, and he probably was one until today. He'd do anything for me. He was willing to die

for me because I had shown interest in him. He'll never be a coward again, because he's found himself."

"Kind of like a boy I knew back in New Bedford," said Shanks. "His father and mother were always tellin' him he didn't know nothin', and would amount to nothin', and he got so he believed it."

"What happened to him?" asked Harry interestedly.

"Nothin' much," Shanks yawned. "He got a job in one of the factories, and got along pretty well, and he got to be a boss, and he ain't any older'n I be. They lived next door to us and his paw always thought I was smart and his own kid was dumb as beeswax. He's a boss now, and I'm just helpin' Spuds cook and I never bossed anythin'."

"You'll be master of a whaler some day," laughed Al.

"Nope," said Shanks gravely. "The best I'll be is maybe a cook. I don't know enough to be a master. I never had enough school learnin' and I ain't got the gumption. If I had the chance to go to school like some folks,

I'd stick to it and wouldn't be beggin' my paw to let me go to work."

Suddenly a great howling of dogs and shouting of people startled them. Hurrying out, they discovered that the northern hunters were arriving, and the women, wild with joy, were shouting a welcome. The hunt had been successful and the sledges were heavy with the meat of bears and reindeer.

Sipsook, Korluk, and the others from Etah, were of the party. They announced to the lads, who had run forward to greet them, that after a short rest they would push on to Etah, that they might take advantage of the waning moonlight and the good weather.

"That's bully!" exclaimed Harry, as he and Al and Shanks returned to the shack to sleep until time to make ready for departure. "I'm actually homesick for the little old shack and its comforts."

In due time Sipsook called them, and with the usual hurry and confusion the sleds set forth to the southward, and twenty hours later they were back again in their little cabin at Etah.

With each return of the moon the hunters were away to their favorite hunting grounds. Many sledges from Annootok passed southward at these times and northward again as the light of the moon grew dim. They always tarried a little at Etah, and the stock of trading goods dwindled and a rich store of blue and white fox and white bear pelts accumulated in the cabin.

Pootah came to Etah with the first sledge and settled there. His devotion to Al had not waned, and when he was not away hunting walrus and bear he spent much of his time in the cabin. After his experience with the bear he proved himself one of the best and bravest hunters of the tribe, and his people soon forgot that they ever had called him a woman and a coward.

During the period of idleness, when there was no moon, Pootah devoted all of his leisure to learning English. With the remarkable memory of the savage, he soon acquired a working vocabulary. Though he had difficulty in pronouncing the English words, it was discovered that in an astonishingly short

time he had come to understand a large part of the conversation of his three white friends.

The lads, growing weary of the monotony at Etah, took part in some of the shorter hunts. But the hardships were extreme and they could not match endurance with the Eskimos. They were always glad enough to return to their snug quarters and an experience or two for each of them was quite enough to satisfy their ambition for adventure.

Days dragged wearily past. Storms swept the ice fields and desolate, frozen, snow-bound land. The night pinched the minds of the enforced dwellers here and the young men became petulant and querulous, as men will under such conditions.

At length a faint glow appeared in the southeastern sky. Upon its reappearance each twenty-four hours it grew steadily and rapidly more pronounced. Korluk pointed to it one day with delight and exclaimed:

"Karman! Karman!" (The sun! The sun!)

It was the first noonday hint of the returning day. Then presently came the full

twilight. With the middle of February a glorious effulgence of red and orange sat for a little while each day where the glow had first appeared. The sun and the blessed light of the long day were at hand!

In the growing light the young men looked strange and unnatural to each other. The skin, even of the Eskimos, was of a sickly, greenish yellow. The reflection of increasing light on the unbroken white dazzled and hurt their unaccustomed eyes.

Now came a day when the sun peeked timidly for a few minutes over the horizon. For days, Al and Harry and Shanks had been climbing the hill behind the shack to watch for him and welcome him, and when they saw him they were so overcome for a moment with emotion that they could scarcely speak. Presently Al, in a strangely choking voice, remarked:

"I feel like one who has been blind for a long while, and that sight has suddenly been restored to me."

"Me too, and it's kinder as though I'd been carrying a big load on my back, and got to

the end of the trail and dropped it," said Shanks blowing his nose suspiciously.

"It's bully!" declared Harry. "Sunlight is just like air to us. Air and sunshine are the finest things the Almighty ever gave the world, and everybody takes 'em as though they were of no account."

"Folks takes most of the good things they have for granted, and growl because they haven't got somethin' else," observed Shanks gravely.

"Fellows," suggested Al. "We've been as grouchy lately as a den of bears, and I've been the worst one of the bunch. We couldn't help it. Let's forget it and forgive each other, and shake hands on it."

"You haven't been worse than me and Harry. It's been a toss-up which was the worst, I reckon," said Shanks as the three shook hands and returned to the shack when the sun dropped again below the horizon.

With the coming twilight a flock of ptarmigans had appeared, and now a pair of ravens soared overhead. The Eskimos became more active than ever. There was much laughing

and glee among them. This was the eve of their season of plenty.

Then one day a long train of sledges suddenly appeared from Annootok. They were laden with supplies and the hunters had their families with them. Annootok was now permanently abandoned for the winter.

The Annootok Eskimos remained a few hours at Etah, while Korluk, Sipsook, Alingwah, and Mukluk prepared to join the southern migration. The lads considered the advisability of going with them and returning to the ship. But some of the Eskimos from Annootok stated that they still had a considerable number of fine fox and bear pelts at Annootok which they wished to trade, and that they would return later for a musk ox hunt and fetch them down to Etah. The sledges, too, were already heavily laden. The addition of the three men with their equipment would have been an imposition upon their willing friends, and it was therefore decided that they should remain at Etah until the musk ox hunters returned.

"We've got to get them skins they left

at Annootok anyhow," declared Shanks. "Liker'n not we'd never get 'em if we left here now."

"That's what I say," agreed Al. "We'd have to stay here for 'em even if they had room for us on the *komatiks* (sledges)."

"We'll have a corking good time with daylight coming," said Harry cheerfully. "We'll be able to get in some good hunts and catch a lot more foxes in the traps."

"Matuk, Sipsook, and Etookluk say they're going as far south as Westenholm Sound," suggested Al. "The fox and bearskins we've traded in and the foxskins we've trapped ourselves won't crowd their sledges much if we divide 'em amongst the three. Why not send 'em down to the ship?"

"A bully idea!" exclaimed Harry. "And we can write Captain Mugford a letter. He'll be glad to hear from us."

"And he'll be tickled to death to get the fur," said Shanks. "We've got a fine bunch of it and we can tell him in the letter there's more comin'. Let's see if they'll take it."

The Eskimos willingly undertook the mis-

sion when it was proposed to them. They were, indeed, pleased with the opportunity to render the service. And so, when the sledges drove away, they carried with them not only a letter to Captain Mugford, but the product of the winter trade and individual hunt of the lads, and as the last sledges disappeared from view Al remarked:

"I don't know just why, but I'm relieved to have those furs on the way to the ship."

"They're worth a pretty big lot of cash," suggested Shanks. "Maybe that's why."

"Anyhow I feel better that they're gone," said Al.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE CAVE MEN

“**N**OW I’m for waitin’,” said Levine. “That’s my way, and I says it square and open. If we goes and takes them there furs and things before the water’s open for launchin’ the boat we gets in trouble. That’s what I says, mates.”

The three outlaws were huddled around a stone lamp in the igloo which had sheltered them during the winter. Their beards were long and bushy, their tangled, matted hair hung to the shoulders, they wore birdskin shirts, the flesh or tanned side out, bearskin trousers, and sealskin boots, and there was no visible evidence that water had been utilized to cleanse their persons since the day they left the ship. The stone lamp cast a smoky, gloomy glow over the interior of the igloo, which was as unkempt and savage in appearance as its occupants. The three men looked like cave men of some far prehistoric period,

and the igloo was their cave, austere and grim, wholly void of any suggestion of civilization and its softening influence.

The chastisement of the long winter of isolation had not served to modify in any degree, but rather had intensified, their hatred of the master and crew of the *Sea Lion*. With the long winter night their determination for revenge had crystallized. They were now planning definitely their proposed attack upon the Stowaways and Shanks at Etah, and how best to rob them of the furs and ivory which they had accumulated in their winter's trade.

The sledges from Annootok and Etah had that day passed southward, and from the Eskimos the three men had learned that the only natives remaining at Etah were Apuk, Chevik, and Pootah, and that Annootok was wholly abandoned. Inkovitch, more savage than ever, and impatient for action, was urging an immediate attack on Etah, little dreaming that the great bulk of plunder they hoped to secure was already well on its way to the ship, and had that very day passed in front of their igloo within reach of his hand.

"Waitin' ain't safe," Inkovitch growled. "Those three Eskimos that are up there now will soon be here. We've got to make up our minds what to do before they come. I'm for holdin' 'em up, and makin' 'em take us back with their dogs and sledges."

"I says *no*," objected Levine. "That's what I says. If we does that and lets 'em go they'll just go and blab to the others when they comes south, and we'll be in trouble. I says what I thinks. That's me, and that's what I says."

"They needn't come back," explained Inkovitch. "When we're through with 'em we can shoot 'em, can't we? That'll keep 'em from meddlin'. They won't come back to squeal. When they're done for there won't be any Eskimos north of here, and we'll have our own way with those Stowaways and Shanks. There's plenty of room under the ice for them."

"'Twon't work, says I," objected Levine. "See here, now. This is what I says, mates, and I knows what I says is right. When them there Eskimos that's up at Etah comes south so we can get 'em they'll have their famblies

with 'em and when they goes north again to take us they leaves their famblies here. When they don't come back right off their famblies gets word to other Eskimos and then we has the hull tribe after us up at Etah, and they'll get us. There's too many of 'em for us to stand off, and we're done for. That's what I says."

"We can get away and hide before any more Eskimos come north to bother us," snapped Inkovitch. "You're just scared, Levine."

"No, mate, you're wrong now. I ain't scared and you knows I ain't scared," protested Levine. "I says it to your face like I always does. I says what I thinks. I'm always straight and aboveboard. I'm honest, I be. There ain't no honester man than I be, and you knows it, Inkovitch. Now ain't I?"

Inkovitch did not deign to reply.

"Yes I be. I'm straight. That's me," continued Levine. "Now what I says is this, and I sticks to it. If we goes up before all these Eskimo fellers goes up to hunt musk ox what

said they was goin' we'll be in trouble, and I don't believe in gettin' in trouble when there's no need of gettin' in it. That's me, do what I has to do right, and keep out of trouble when gettin' in trouble ain't called for. That's what I says. There'll be no gettin' away and hidin' till the ice goes out and we sails away in the boat the ship left at Etah. The ice won't go out before the Eskimos goes after musk ox, and we can't sail the boat on ice. Leastways I never could."

"Vat haff you to say apout vat we shall do alreaty then?" asked Marx, who had been silently listening to the argument.

"I says wait till after the Eskimos goes up musk ox huntin'," Levine shifted his quid from the left to the right cheek. "That's what I says, mates. Them there Stowaways ain't goin' to leave Etah till them fellers huntin' musk ox comes back. That's what the Eskimos tells us today. We'll get a passage to Etah with the last of 'em. There's always one or two stragglers comin' up after the rest is gone. We'll make 'em give us a berth on their sledges. Then just before we gets to

Etah we'll make 'em turn back. If they don't do it, we'll lay 'em away and let the foxes eat 'em."

Inkovitch grunted contemptuously.

"Then we goes in," continued Levine, ignoring Inkovitch, "and boards the shack, and the furs and grub that's there is our'n. That's what I says. That's my way of doin' it safe and easy. I tells you square and above-board. I'm right out with what I thinks. That's me."

"What will the Eskimos do about it when they get back from the musk ox huntin'?" asked Inkovitch with a snarl. "Won't we be as bad off as we would be to go now?"

"No we won't, mate," Levine spat copiously. "We'll tell 'em the Stowaways and Shanks has come south and we're up there lookin' after things till the ship comes and gets us. They won't know they ain't south till they gets here. By then we're off in the boat safe and snug. The ice'll be gone then and we're as free as the birds. That's what I says. That's the course I lays. Steer it straight, says I."

"Und I vill haff my knife in those Stowaways und that Shanks alreaty," exclaimed Marx with venom.

"Sure!" agreed Levine. "Stick 'em all you wants to. Cut 'em up if you wants to and feed 'em to the seals, if seals eats that kind. Even things up with 'em, that's what I says. I'm for fair and square dealin', I am. Them fellers wa'n't square with us. They goes and takes our guns and searches our chests when we ain't there. That wa'n't square and open. If I has my gun they takes out'n my chest when we has the scrap on the ship, and you has the gun they takes out'n your'n, mate, we'd sure licked 'em. We'd sure knocked them there officers over first shot. It makes me mad clean through when I thinks on't. We'd be havin' a fine time now with the ship and cargo our'n and the crew overboard. 'Twa'n't square of them Stowaways and Shanks, and what ain't square ain't right. I can't stand crooked work, I can't. That ain't me. It makes me mad from jib to rudder the way they treats us. Use your knife, mate. Stick 'em like pigs. That's what I says.

That's man's talk, that is. I'm square, I be. I ups and says what I thinks."

"It ees right as you say to vait, Levine, und dake no chances alreaty," agreed Marx.

"Now what do you say, mate?" Levine turned to Inkovitch. "You hears what I says and the course I lays, and Marx says like I says that it's right. What do you say, now?"

"You and Marx have got it fixed up. There ain't anything for me to say," growled Inkovitch, adding reluctantly, "Your plan sounds good anyhow. We'll try it."

"That's the talk, mate! That's fair and square!" Levine spat. "It'll be like runnin' before the wind. No tackin', just straight sailin'. We gets to Etah and we goes in and them there three fellers that played us crooked goes out. Plenty of room in the sea for them.

"They has a fine lot of fur, and grub enough to hold us over till we gets more. We takes the boat that's there and sails for Baffin Land. We picks up a British trader and tells her our ship's lost. They gives us a berth aboard, and we gets to the other side safe and

sound. That's the course laid down on the chart, mates. No *Sea Lion* for us, mates. That's what I says, what says you?"

"It sounds all right," agreed Inkovitch in a little better humor.

"It vill pe all right," declared Marx with some show of eagerness.

"So says we all, mates," said Levine. "Straight and square, that's me. Treat everybody straight and square and take the ups and down when they comes, fair and foul weather alike. The course we've charted takes us from the downs to the ups. That's what I says, mates."

CHAPTER XXV

THE ATTACK

IT WAS lonely when the sledges disappeared beyond the hills, for only Apuk, Chevik, and Pootah remained at Etah, and théy, too, were presently to go.

Every day that the weather permitted, the lads tramped back over the country hunting and setting fox traps. Their method of trapping was simple. A square of snow was cut and carefully lifted at the place where a trap was to be set. Into the hole a steel trap was placed. The square of snow that had been removed was shaved down until a half-inch thick, and the thin crust laid over the trap to conceal it. A trench was made in which the chain was covered with snow, after the end of the chain had been hooked around a boulder to secure it. When all was ready, and the trap and chain cleverly covered, small pieces of more or less decayed meat were strewn over and around the trap to serve as bait.

Each day they visited their traps and usually were rewarded with two or three blue or white foxes. In going the rounds of the traps they carried their guns, and seldom returned without ptarmigans or hares for their larder, which they much preferred to the strong-flavored seal and walrus meat of the Eskimos.

Thus days that otherwise would have been lonely and restless were filled with interest. The evenings were spent with their friends in the igloos, who were preparing to depart at once to join their friends in the south. On one of these visits, when Harry and Al were in Chevik's igloo, they observed Pokaluka, Chevik's *kooner*, cutting into small pieces choice portions of reindeer and walrus meat, and laying the pieces carefully aside.

"What are you doing that for?" Harry asked inquisitively.

Pokaluka burst into tears, and between her sobs explained that the meat was for her mother, who had died the year before and was buried not far from there, and she asked the two young men if they would go with her the next morning to visit the burial place.

It was starlight when she led them in early morning out upon the rocks to the burial place upon a mountain-side a half mile from the camp. After the fashion of Eskimos, the bodies in this old burial ground lay out upon the naked rocks, and over each body was built a mound of bowlders. There were many mounds of bowlders here, the adults lying with head to the East, feet to the West, the children with head to the North and feet to the South.

Pokaluka led Harry and Al to one of the graves. Here, beneath the bowlders, she said, her mother slept. She placed them at the foot, or western end of the oblong mound of bowlders, and directed them to stand there. Then with bared hands and bared head, she took a half-kneeling position at the eastern end or foot of the mound and began to relate recent events—stories of the hunts—of the reindeer, bear, and walrus killed—of the coming of the white men. When the history was finished, with tears rolling down her cheeks, she removed the snow with naked hands from the bowlders near where she knelt

at the head, and when the bowlders were bared she placed between them the small choice pieces of meat which she had prepared the previous evening and had brought with her, talking and sobbing all the while. Then for a little she knelt in silence.

Rising presently Pokaluka made several passes with her hands over the head of the grave, and then, weeping and weirdly chanting, she walked four times around the grave, lifting her feet each time and carefully brushing the snow from them and cautiously stepping in exactly the tracks she had made in her first circuit.

At the end of the fourth turn around the grave she grasped Harry and Al each by an arm, and told them the story of her mother's death in the igloo, of the burial, and that no one had ever lived in the igloo since, because it was haunted by the evil spirit that had caused her mother's death. She pointed to a bright star in the sky, which she said was her mother's spirit. Other stars, she explained, were the spirits of other Eskimos that had died, and the innumerable other stars the

spirits of a vast multitude who had died in the far land from which her white friends had come.

Dawn was breaking as they turned from the desolate burial place toward the camp. The young men were deeply impressed by what they had seen. They had been privileged to look into the heart of these primitive children of the wilderness, and there they had discovered the same emotions, the same depths of love and sorrow that grip and sway the people of civilized lands.

That day the three families of Eskimos left for the South to join those who had gone before in the walrus hunt, and when they were gone and the igloos deserted, Etah became silent and lonely indeed for the three lads. Dark, smiling faces no longer looked in upon them in the shack, and the chorus of howling dogs no longer disturbed the night.

With the return of day the temperature dropped lower than it had at any time during the season of darkness, and since the departure of the Eskimos prolonged storms had often forbade hunting or out-of-door exercise.

But late in April came a season of calm and milder days, and on the evening of one of these pleasant days, after they had eaten and discussed, as they often did now, their return to the ship and home, they were startled by a chorus of howling dogs. Out-of-doors they rushed and to their delight found Matuk and Sipsook, just arrived from the South.

It was a jolly meeting, and when the Eskimos had cared for their dogs they joined their white friends in the shack where Shanks had a piping hot meal ready for them in a jiffy.

After they had eaten, Sipsook, with vast deliberation and importance, drew forth a package which he delivered to Al. It proved to contain a letter from Captain Mugford, as well as one from the Sky Pilot and Joshua, and one addressed to Shanks in Spuds' cramped handwriting.

Captain Mugford wrote that the Eskimos had delivered the furs in excellent condition and expressed vast satisfaction with the result of the efforts of the boys both as traders and as trappers. The Sky Pilot and Joshua gave some news of the winter aboard ship.

When they had finished with the other letters Shanks opened the letter from Spuds, and read:

dere frend, i am neading you bad. i am hard finding a way to make out having you gone it is to much to do for me all the wile alone. how be alfred and hennery. wen you and them come back peter i will make sum doughnuts for them and you. yors trully Mr. Adolphus P. Spuddington

p.s. it is worse than my ansesters wus of they had company on the *Mayflower*.

"Spuds certainly misses you," laughed Al. "He never would have made the effort to write a letter if he didn't."

"He always does when I'm away," grinned Shanks.

"He appears to miss us all," said Harry. "Notice that rash promise about doughnuts?"

"He'll go back on that, I reckon, unless we have him make 'em the first day we show up on the ship," predicted Shanks. "I'm tickled clean through to hear from the ship and how they made out."

"Best of all," said Al, "Captain Mugford

received the fur and he's pleased with the trade."

Then they asked the Eskimos many questions concerning the three men at Inglefield Gulf, but could learn no more than that they were still there.

The following day, Kuglutook, Korluk, Chevik, and Mukluk arrived with their sledges, remained a few hours and followed Sipsook and Matuk northward to the musk ox hunt, with the promise to return at the end of a fortnight and to fetch the furs from An-nootok. Kuglutook, Sipsook, and Matuk were then to take the three young men and their belongings to the ship.

"That means homeward bound!" exclaimed Al when the last *komatik* had disappeared. "Two weeks and we'll be on our way to the ship! Three months more and we'll be home! Home! Won't it be great to see the folks!

"Think of it! And back in God's country where the grass is green and there are trees and flowers! But home—and to be with father and mother again! That's best of all!"

Harry grabbed Al around the waist and began cantering around and singing:

Sing tura-la-lala-lu, lads,
Sing tura-la-lala-lee;
To the wave for you and me, lads,
To the wave for you and me.

Sing tura-la-lala-lu, lads,
Sing tura-la-lala-lee;
We're off on the bounding sea, lads,
We're off on the bounding sea.

Sing tura-la-lala-lu, lads,
Sing tura-la-lala-lo;
We'll bid adieu to the floe, lads,
We'll bid adieu to the floe.

Sing tura-la-lala-lu, lads,
Sing tura-la-lala-lee;
Sing out to the good old sea, lads,
Sing out to the good old sea.

At the very beginning Shanks came into the circle and bellowing the song with Al and Harry, the three danced with the ecstasy of children. Then, laughing, they turned to the shack to begin at once preparations for the

coming of their Eskimo friends and departure for the ship and home.

Talking happily of the great event, they had reached the entrance of the shack when suddenly a rifle shot rang out, and Al staggered and fell forward.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE GUN FIGHT

SHANKS, who was in the rear, sprang forward, yelling as he did so:

"Grab Al and pull him in!"

Harry had stopped, half-dazed, when Al fell. Now, in sudden realization of what had happened, he seized Al and with the assistance of Shanks dragged him into the porch. Bullets spat against the doorway and chipped ice at their feet, but they succeeded in drawing Al through the porch and into the inner room of the shack.

Harry jumped to the window and dropped over the glass a heavy outside shutter that had been made as an added protection to the room during severe storms. Then he and Shanks, seizing their rifles, threw themselves prone upon the floor in the doorway looking out through the porch.

"You 'tend to Al," directed Shanks. "I can

hold 'em off. It's light outside and they can't see us here in the dark."

Al was sitting upon the floor when Harry arose, and Harry assisted him to his bunk.

"That was like a mule kick," said Al, still dazed. "Where am I hit, Harry?"

"Let's take off your *kuletat* and see." Harry's hands trembled as he proceeded to draw Al's *kuletat* over his head.

"Ouch!" exclaimed Al. "It's my shoulder. Be careful, Harry."

With the removal of the *kuletat*, blood was found to be oozing from a wound opposite and just under the armpit. Harry hastily cleansed it and with the assistance of an emergency medical kit with which they were provided, dressed it with a folded piece of gauze held in position by strips of adhesive plaster.

"Now you lie down and keep quiet, Al," he directed. "If you go moving around that wound'll get bleeding again and get inflamed."

"Yes, you stay where you be," seconded Shanks from his prone position on the floor. "I've got them fellers covered. They're up

behind the rocks in front of Sipsook's old igloo."

"If I can help, let me know and I'll be with you. Even if my left shoulder is hit, I can shoot with my right hand," offered Al gamely.

Bang! went Shanks' rifle.

"Did you hit him?" asked Harry excitedly, seizing his rifle and stooping at Shanks' side.

"I dunno," Shanks threw another cartridge into the chamber, "I didn't see much of him. They can't get down here anyhow. Every time one of 'em shows himself we'll plug at 'em."

"Who was it? Could you make out?" asked Harry.

"Inkovitch," said Shanks. "It's them three pirates."

"Where are they?" asked Harry.

"Behind them two big rocks just in front of Sipsook's igloo," explained Shanks. "Them rocks gives 'em cover so they can get inside the igloo, but they can't get away from there unless we see 'em, and I reckon they know it."

"They'll steal down here tonight!" suggested Harry.

"Nope, it'll be bright moonlight and we'll spot 'em on the white snow," said Shanks. "One of us'll have to keep on watch all the time and shoot at anything that moves. But they've got us covered, too. It's dark in here with the winder blind shut and they can't see where we be, but if we open the blind it'll make it light enough for 'em to see us. We've got to keep that shut. We can't go outside either, or they'll pick us off."

At that moment a shot rang out from the hill, and a bullet hit the floor directly in front of Shanks' face. Shanks dodged, and exclaimed:

"Doggone 'em, they know we're here, and they're takin' a chance at pottin' us."

A man peeked cautiously around the edge of one of the rocks, and Harry and Shanks fired simultaneously. Both bullets hit the ice-covered rock close to the spot and sent a shower of splintered ice flying over it.

"That'll show 'em we're watchin' 'em!" explained Shanks.

"I'm going to throw some bags of coal in front of us," suggested Harry. "We can pile 'em up so as to have loopholes between the bags to fire through, and the coal will stop their bullets."

"That's fine," said Shanks. "I never thought of it. The coal'll stop their little forty-fours."

Accordingly Harry slipped out into the enclosed porch. Out of range of the doorway he lifted down four or five bags of coal and formed them into a barricade between the outer doorway of the porch and the inner doorway of the shack. Several shots were fired while he was at work, and some of them hit the coal bags, but neither he nor Shanks was injured.

Shanks, in the meantime, kept up an irregular fire, whenever a movement was observed on the hill above. As Harry joined him he exclaimed:

"I got that feller! I hit one of 'em!"

"Where'd you hit him?" asked Harry excitedly.

"I guess I got his hand when he held his

rifle to shoot! Leastways he dropped the gun!" said Shanks.

Shooting back and forth had continued for nearly two hours, when there came quiet on the hill and presently a hail from the rocks.

"Ahoy, mates!"

"Ahoy, yourself!" shouted Shanks.

"That's Levine. I wonder what he wants?" said Harry excitedly.

"What's the use of us fellers quarrelin'? That's what I says," came from Levine.

"You fellers started it!" answered Shanks.

"See here now, mates," called Levine. "We just comes over for a cruise and to make you fellers a friendly visit. We wa'n't aimin' for anything but a sociable time and here you ups and shoots at us every time we moves. That ain't a fair way to treat old shipmates and friends, now. That's what I says."

"You started the shooting," shouted Harry.

"We shoots, but 'tweren't to hurt nobody," explained Levine in a persuasive and injured tone. "'Twere just to let you fellers know we was here. We just shoots to kind of surprise you, and for fun. And here you goes

shootin' to hurt us and keeps us hidin' up here instead of bein' sociable-like, and invitin' us down. That's downright mean now, that's what I says. I'm fair and square, I am. I tells a feller to his face when I thinks he does wrong, I does. That's me, rough and ready and plain talkin'. Stick by your friends, says I."

"Maybe so," answered Shanks, "but we ain't takin' chances, and you ain't shipmates of ours any more, Levine."

"Now you makes me feel bad," said Levine, "me as was always your friend, Shanks, and the friend of the Stowaways. I likes the Stowaways, I does. I'm a friend to 'em, and I don't go back on't. I ain't no fair weather friend, I ain't. Fair or foul weather, I sticks. That's me. Fair and square, through ups and downs and take 'em with your friends, says I. Let's quit our quarrelin' and make up on't. That's what I says. You fellers leave your guns in your shack and come up and meet us halfway, and shake hands on't."

"You fellers leave your guns and come

down with your hands stickin' in the air, and we'll use you all right," answered Shanks.

"That ain't a fair way, says I. That ain't showin' you trusts us," Levine's voice reflected sorrow. "Here I makes a fair and square offer to you, and you treats us this way. That ain't a fair way of treatin' friends, says I."

"All right, but we ain't goin' to take chances with you," Shanks replied.

That ended the parley and the shooting was resumed, whenever an opening seemed to offer.

That day passed, and that night, and the next day, Shanks and Harry relieving each other as guards. The one bucket of water in the cabin when the siege began was exhausted and they had not dared to stir outside to get ice to melt, for every movement brought a fusillade of shots from the rocks. It was evident the pirates were awaiting the darkness of the waning moon or the coming of a storm to rush the cabin and close the matter at short range when guns could not be used.

"The moon's goin' to come up a little late

tonight," suggested Shanks on the third evening. "I'll sneak out before she gets up and get ice. We've got to have water, and Al's got to have that shoulder of his'n kept washed."

"Let me go," said Harry. "I'll get the ice and they'll never see me."

"Nope," Shanks objected positively. "I thought of it first and it's my job."

"My shoulder's all right," said Al. "Don't you fellows take any chance."

"We've got to have water," insisted Shanks. "My tongue's hangin' out like a hound dog's in summer."

Accordingly, when the twilight faded and the stars came out, Shanks, with the bucket slipped around the barricade of coal and, crawling cautiously, passed out of the porch door.

A moment later a fusillade of rifle shots came from the hill. Harry and Al held their breath in apprehension. The pirates had seen Shanks and were shooting at him.

Suddenly from the distance came the howl of many dogs. The shooting ceased. Harry,

with his rifle in his hand, rushed out, and Al, who had been sitting on the edge of his bunk, followed.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE END OF THE CRUISE

THE trail from the south led down over a hill. In the starlight, moving over the white snow, Harry and Al saw the sledges descending the slope with the dogs on a run.

"Six of 'em," said Shanks' voice, and to their vast relief Shanks came around the corner of the shack.

"Oh, they didn't hit you, Shanks!" exclaimed Al joyfully. "We were frightened! We were afraid they hit you!"

"Nope. They spotted me just as I slipped behind the shack and they let loose to beat the band, but I got under cover," Shanks explained. "They've like's not run to hide now. I reckon they spotted the dogs comin' over the hill before we heard 'em. I wonder what huskies they be and what brought 'em."

They had not long to wait. The first *komatik* came directly to the shack, and as Pootah, who was the driver, sprang off,

swinging his long whip to quiet the team, Mr. Dugmore slipped off of the rear.

"Are you all right?" he greeted. "I expected you would all be killed. I was sure you would be killed. We came as soon as we heard Inkovitch and his gang had come north."

The three lads could scarcely speak from joy as they took Mr. Dugmore's hand, and they were quite overwhelmed a moment later when the Sky Pilot arrived on the next sledge, then big Bill Comfort on the next, and finally Joshua Tidd.

"Well, by hickory!" exclaimed Daddy. "Here you be, lookin' as natural as folks said my grandmother did when she was laid out in her coffin, but a doggoned sight liver."

The three pirates surrendered at once and were placed in an igloo with two Eskimos to guard them. Marx, it was discovered, had a finger shot from his left hand and Inkovitch a wound in a leg. Levine alone had escaped the marksmanship of Shanks and Harry.

Shanks proceeded at once to prepare a hot

meal for the rescue party and while the hungry men ate, Mr. Dugmore explained that Pootah, in a highly excited condition, had come to the ship, and stated that the three pirates had compelled another Eskimo to take them north. Pootah and this Eskimo were the only ones remaining with the three mutineers and Pootah had overheard them planning an attack on Etah. While with his limited knowledge of English he had not fully understood, he had grasped enough of the conversation to have no doubt it was their aim to surprise and kill the three lads, then rob the shack and kill any Eskimos that might interfere.

Pootah gathered from the conversation that they were to compel himself and the other Eskimos to take them to Etah with dogs. His first thought was to hurry away in advance to Etah and give warning and assistance. He told the other Eskimo what he had heard and his own plans. The Eskimo was thoroughly frightened and declined to go with Pootah, declaring the men were watching them and would kill them.

Pootah determined to go alone and harnessed his team. As he was about to start, the tallest man of the three, evidently Levine, who could speak Eskimo well asked where he was going. He replied that he was going for a load of meat. Levine told him he must not go at that time for he and the other Eskimo were to leave with him and his two companions the following morning for Etah. He also casually remarked that he or one of the others would be on guard and would shoot if Pootah attempted disobedience.

Pootah's igloo was a little way to the southward of that occupied by the pirates. The only trail for dogs and sledge that led to Etah passed directly in front of their igloo, and any attempt to take this trail would certainly be observed. Therefore Pootah decided to recruit Eskimos that he believed were hunting walrus fifty miles to the southward.

When all was quiet and the three pirates inside their igloo, Pootah, with the utmost caution, caught his dogs, and as each dog was captured bound its nose to prevent its howling and arousing suspicion. Then he har-

nessed them and when he was ready to leave unbound their noses.

This was unfortunate, for immediately their noses were unbound, they began howling. The pirates took the alarm, and as Pootah broke his sledge loose the three desperados rushed out of their igloo and began firing at Pootah's retreating sledge. One of the dogs was hit by a bullet. Pootah cut it loose, and ignoring the fusillade continued on his way at top speed.

Only women were at the hunting place, and they told Pootah the men had gone to the ship. Pausing at short periods when it was necessary to rest the dogs, he pushed southward to the ship and gave the alarm.

Fortunately there were dogs and drivers enough to be had. The party was quickly organized and, traveling with as light sledges as possible, they hurried to the relief of Etah. They had met the driver returning after leaving the pirates a mile south of Etah, and he had turned about and joined the party.

The Sky Pilot and Mr. Dugmore probed Al's shoulder and found the bullet so near

the surface that it was readily removed, and the wound, while painful, was superficial and not at all dangerous. When Al's wound was dressed those of Marx and Inkovitch received as careful attention, though Daddy declared they deserved no consideration.

"'Tain't right to treat me and my mates this way," ventured Levine in an aggrieved tone while Mr. Dugmore dressed the wounds of the two men. "Here you makes us stay all winter in an igloo just for a little scrap we has aboard ship. I wouldn't hurt a hair on nobody's head. No, sir, not me! I'm fair and square, I be, and easy-goin' too. My heart's as soft as a woman's that way. 'Twere unhuman the way the master treats us, but I'm forgivin' and I won't hold it agin' him if he treats me right now. 'Tweren't right the way the Stowaways and Shanks treats us neither. When we comes here to give 'em a little surprise and visit 'em just to be sociable-like, they ups and shoots at us. 'Tain't fair and square, that's what I says. 'Tain't treatin' us right."

"You are very much injured, so to speak,"

remarked Mr. Dugmore with a tinge of sarcasm, as he left the igloo.

Three days' rest were given dogs and men in preparation for the return journey to the ship. On the morning previous to their departure from Etah one of the Eskimos who had been guarding the prisoners came running to the shack to report that Levine and Marx had disappeared during the night. Eskimos set out on the trail of the fugitives, but soon lost it. The two men had gone northward presumably in an effort to reach the shelter of Annootok. Their arms had been taken from them and there was no fear that they could intimidate or harm the natives. It was decided that they would doubtless return with the musk ox hunters on their southward journey and therefore no attempt was made to follow them. Inkovitch was taken on one of the sledges, and early one morning they set out for Westenholm Sound and the ship, where they duly arrived and received a hearty welcome from their mates.

"Here you are! Here you are!" Captain Mugford beamed when Al, Harry, and

Shanks went aboard the *Sea Lion*. "Fine hunt you made, lads! Better trade than I expected! Owe you a lot of money! You'll be rich when I settle with you, you rascals! Earned it, though! Yes, you earned it!"

Spuds was quite overcome when he greeted his three friends and, true to his promise, fried a large batch of doughnuts for their particular use. "They're all your'n," said he as he called them to the feast. "I've missed you, Shanks, and I've missed you too, Al-fred and Hen-nery. Them's better doughnuts than any of my ancestors on the *Mayflower* had if I do say it, what made 'em."

And there was no doubt Spuds was correct.

In accordance with their promise the musk ox hunters came to the ship in due time with the pelts, but neither Levine nor Marx came with them. The two men had made their escape to Annootok as had been surmised and had returned with the Eskimos to Etah, where they had elected to remain in exile and share the fortunes of the North with the natives.

The days grew long and the nights short.

Clouds of little auks again inhabited the cliffs. Then came wild geese and eider ducks, gulls, terns, and other wild fowl. The sun ceased to set, and there was no night. The land was transformed into a sea of slush. Streams ran down the mountain-side. Boulders were loosed and crashed down the slopes. Summer had reached the Arctic wilderness.

At last came the long-expected movement of the ice, and finally the *Sea Lion* swung out into open water, her anchor apeak, and sails hoisted.

It was mid-September when the green shores of Massachusetts one sunshiny morning appeared off the starboard, and to the *voyageurs* from the Arctic they presented an almost tropical appearance.

In due time the *Sea Lion* sailed into New Bedford Harbor, and before them lay the old town at last. In early morning they warped alongside the wharf where Al and Harry had taken refuge on a fateful July evening two years before and became unwilling stowaways to be carried away upon their adventurous voyage.

They were back again in the world, the great throbbing world! Not far away were their homes and their fathers and mothers who had suffered months and months of agony at their unexplained disappearance and who had doubtless long before mourned them as dead. Their knees grew weak with the thought and lumps came into their throats.

"Here we are safe and sound!" breezed the Sky Pilot, joining them. "What do you chaps say to getting into your shore togs, and having breakfast in a little restaurant I know about? Daddy and Shanks are coming."

Twenty minutes later the five strode forth into the street, Al and Harry feeling not a little awkward in the clothes they had worn when they went aboard the *Sea Lion*, and which, to their astonishment, they discovered were now nearly a size too small for their broadened chests and shoulders.

It was a short walk to the restaurant and while the Sky Pilot issued an order for thick, juicy broiled steaks, baked potatoes, and hot rolls and coffee, Al and Harry devoted their

attention to the telephone and, as may be imagined, created a tremendous sensation and unbounded joy in two homes in Fall River.

TO THE READER

This story, clean-cut and ennobling, has held your interest from first to last. We call your attention to others by the same author, equally inspiring and wholesome, on the following pages.

THE PUBLISHERS.

Bobby of the Labrador

By

DILLON WALLACE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

¶ It abounds in thrilling adventure, hairbreadth escapes, and genuine sport. It is eminently wholesome in every detail. Boys will find it interesting, inspiring, instructive, and ennobling.—*Word and Way*.

¶ There is nothing flabby about the story; the adventure is clean-cut, and interesting, but there is no trace of unreality. Bobby is a genuine hero.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

¶ Dillon Wallace's stories satisfy the boy's natural taste for adventure, and he possesses the knack of teaching at the same time valuable moral lessons, so that his books have received strong endorsements from those interested in placing interesting and instructive books in the hands of the young.—*Los Angeles Graphic*.

¶ The narrative is full of healthy excitement; the dialogue is wholly natural; a literary quality is nearly everywhere present, and threads of ethical purpose run through the whole. The reviewer confesses to having read the story twice over, tempted thereto by the freshness and continued interest of the tale.—*Boston Herald*.

¶ "Bobby," the young hero, was found adrift in a boat by an Eskimo, who adopted him as a gift from God. He grew up on the Labrador coast, and had many exciting adventures narrated in a style that can be acquired only through actual experience in the cold regions of the North.—*Evening Wisconsin*.

A. C. McCLURG & CO.

PUBLISHERS - CHICAGO - ILLINOIS

The Wilderness Castaways

By

DILLON WALLACE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. S. WATSON

¶ One of the "meatiest" stories for boys that has seen the light for many years. The tale of how two lads, one a self-reliant Newfoundlander and the other an over-pampered New Yorker, went adrift in a fog on Hudson Bay and were forced to make their own living out of the wild in a sub-Arctic winter. It is full of adventure from first to last.—*Boston Globe*.

¶ Full of hunting, of peril, and privation, and shows how a grim outdoors can transform the life of a self-centered youth. It is the work of a man who knows the heart of a boy, as well as the heart of the wilderness.—*Epworth Herald*.

¶ One of the best boys' stories published is this record of a spoiled New York lad and a sailor boy who became separated from a hunting party. Their adventures, and the change wrought in the selfish city lad, are told with a vividness and sense of humor which will appeal at once to the boy reader or any other.—*American Tourist*.

¶ The story is brimful of exciting incidents, and will be numbered among the boy readers' favorites.—*San Francisco Bulletin*.

¶ Mr. Wallace has made a gripping story, and held up manliness and courage in an attractive light.—*Boston Journal*.

¶ In this book two boys made good, and that is a mighty good thing to present in any book for boys.—*Baltimore Sun*.

A. C. McCLURG & CO.

PUBLISHERS - CHICAGO - ILLINOIS

The Fur Trail Adventurers

By

DILLON WALLACE

ILLUSTRATED BY E. W. DEMING

¶ The story is told with a realism that is a result of Mr. Wallace's long experience in the Northland. It is one of the best books that could be given to a boy of twelve or fourteen, and one of the most acceptable.—*Chicago Daily News*.

¶ Like all his others, it is intensely interesting, the style vivid, the ideas high and elevating, and the whole story clean and wholesome. All boys like his books and read them with eagerness.—*Christian Observer*.

¶ There is in it much of the woodcraft and outdoor life that boys are learning more and more to love, thanks to the scout movement. Dillon Wallace knows by experience what his boy readers like, and this is one of the best books he has written. It is well illustrated.—*Indianapolis News*.

¶ The author has written a thrilling tale in which is incorporated much real information about woodcraft and the outdoor life.—*Boston Globe*.

¶ To those who wish a library for boys, with some books of clean adventure in the woods and waters of the far North, this volume is indispensable.—*Sioux City Tribune*.

¶ A book of adventures written to satisfy the thirst of every young boy for the romance of the wilds.—*Chicago Examiner*.

A. C. McCLURG & CO.

PUBLISHERS - CHICAGO - ILLINOIS

The Long Labrador Trail

By

DILLON WALLACE

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

“It’s always the way, Wallace! When a fellow starts on the long trail, he’s never willing to quit. It’ll be the same with you if you go with me to Labrador. When you come home, you’ll hear the voice of the wilderness calling you to return, and it will lure you back again.”

It was Leonidas Hubbard, the heroic explorer, who spoke these words to Dillon Wallace when they were lying by a camp fire in the snow-covered Shawangunk Mountains where they planned the trip that cost them indescribable suffering, and Hubbard his life.

“The work must be done, Wallace, and if one of us falls before it is completed the other must finish it.”

Wallace returned to keep the compact, and *The Long Labrador Trail* is the story of marvelous adventure, discovery, and brilliant description of the exploration of the land that lured, the hitherto unknown country, where the Eskimo builds his igloo and hunts the walrus and the seal.

The story is one of brave and successful exploration, of interesting anecdote, of human feeling, with scientific accuracy characterizing the fund of information, and many photographs illuminating the text.

A. C. McCLURG & CO.

PUBLISHERS - CHICAGO - ILLINOIS

The Arctic Stowaways

By

DILLON WALLACE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

¶ Very few works contain in so small a space as much concrete information about Arctic life as Mr. Wallace has deftly woven into *The Arctic Stowaways*. He is well acquainted with life toward the Arctic Circle and paints most brilliant word-pictures of the beauty of sea and sky in that far Northland.

The author knows what boys like and need in a story — knows they want adventure; like fair play and admire manliness; realizes they need moral instruction. So he weaves into his narrative thrilling situations, interesting information about Arctic modes of life, and admirable examples of manliness and courage.

Every boy, and grown-ups, too, will be better for having read this refreshing tale of the frigid wilds.

¶ A thrilling tale of the far North. Written primarily for boys, but the work is so well done that any grown-up, who loves adventure, will find this a book worth reading.

The lads upon whose adventures the tale is based have one glorious good time and every boy who gets hold of this book will have just that kind of a time until the last page is read.

In addition to the retailing of many adventures, the author has painted a vivid picture of the frigid regions in which he has set his story. It is interesting and informative, and the descriptions of life in the North are such as to at once make all who read wish to take a trip to this land of thrills.— *Los Angeles Times*.

A. C. McCLURG & CO.

PUBLISHERS - CHICAGO - ILLINOIS

John Adney, Ambulance Driver

By

DILLON WALLACE

ILLUSTRATED BY J. ALLEN ST. JOHN

¶ A realistic story of adventure in which a seventeen-year-old boy is picked up by a German spy in New York, sent to London with valuable papers in his possession, goes to France as an ambulance driver, and has many exciting experiences before he joined the United States marines. The book is dedicated to the author's Boy Scouts of Old Troop I, of Beacon, New York.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

¶ *John Adney, Ambulance Driver*, is the latest book of Dillon Wallace's tales of travel and adventure. It takes the reader into France where he sees the battlefields and learns of conditions as they actually existed during the Great War.

The story is sure to appeal to the youth of America, as it is written in a vivid and thrilling manner, taking hold of the imagination and swaying the feelings of the reader.—*Athol (Miss.) Chronicle*.

¶ The author of *Bobby of the Labrador* and other popular books for boys has turned his attention to the battlefields of France and written a story full of thrills and adventures.

Most boys will pronounce this a first-rate book, while older readers who care for war stories will find it eminently satisfactory.—*Los Angeles Times*.

¶ From first to last a story of action.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph*.

¶ John Adney is picked up by a German spy in New York, and his exciting experiences, first in London and then on a torpedoed ship and over in France as an ambulance driver, are related in such a manner as to make the story seem all too brief.—*Omaha Bee*.

A. C. McCLURG & CO.

PUBLISHERS - CHICAGO - ILLINOIS

[illegible]

TRENT UNIVERSITY



0 1164 0105371 9

PS8545 .A455Y6

Wallace, Dillon, 1863-1939

The young Arctic traders

DATE

ISSUED TO 314201

314201

